THE TRAVELLER:

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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The Traveller.

TRAVELLING TOWARDS BUFFALO FROM THE FALLS.

Having lingered about the falls for a whole day, and caught cold from the driving spray (when heated, running down) which flies before the wind as far as the crossing point, I thought I might as well betake myself once more to my nag. But let me say a word about the cottage in the wood, on the American side, where you call for the Chron of the stream; he stopped with me for a moment in his *museum*, or collection of small curiosities; his chief article was in walking sticks, cut into a variety of fantastic shapes—snakes heads, or their bodies wound about, seemed his favorite cut. This ferry is amicably halved by a Canadian on the opposite shore (who brings you back,) and who deals in the same virtuoso wares—sticks added to peices of crystal, which he scoops and coaxes out from the surrounding rocks, and sells you at the rate of half a dollar a square inch; who would not pocket a piece of crystal? I did; and a flag ment branch of most odoriferous pitch pine, which I broke off walking along towards *Barkley's museum*, which ranks first from its extent, and variety in birds, stones, wampum belts, mocasins, birds and beasts stuffed; by the bye, various of the feline tribe stare at you from the door and portico of this rustic magazine, with a most ominous and ferocious glare, anything but *inviting*, as they seem to guard the portals of the small staircase that conducts up to the first floor. Adieu! thou mighty over-topping rush of waters—thou never ceasing din—grand, insatiate, and solitary monotony! Thy grandeur cannot hold one long.

My horse had as long a shag coat as 'Tom Thumb,' the first time out of the hands of his Indian breeder; but for swiftness of foot, verily, I found him no Indian, though I was assured he was a real right down devil at going. I compromised the matter; and on his refusal to trot above fifty yards of his own good will, and being moreover very sparing of gallop, I now and then let him take his own way over the ruts, through the mud holes, which became pretty 'awful' after I left the *Bull's Head* behind me, three miles from the Eagle. Along this road the Niagara river lies all the way full in sight, a silvery and gigantic stream, with every where its fringed margin of tolerably wild wood. Here and there the road strikes into the forest, and for perhaps half a mile it is lost sight of partially; but the American shore along to Buffalo is pretty well cleared, though much of it rude enough—log huts, fields in stumps and Indian corn, rotting road side logs and scorched pines; rising in the scene like enormous black wands, to tell a silent tale of civilized enchantment, or give one a sort of melancholy to think how all those precious limbs are thus destroyed, and its fine tint, proportions and pride thus rudely burnt to death; then, as if in mockery, their leafless tops are often thick covered by great flocks of chattering black birds—these are surely the merriest birds in existence; how they chatter! the woods ring again with their peculiar chirp and chat, all talkers and no hearers; they seem to hold noisy council on the state of corn-fields! Anon Jonathan takes out his trusty duck gun about dinner time, when he has time for idleness, and lets fly a charge of heavy shot from a *rest* over a worm fence—down came twenty or thirty never to chatter more. Half way I came in on the *Great Canal*, at the Tonawana creek; which, hence to Buffalo, winds along the edge of the river. The road got worse and worse; I met the Buffalo and Lewistown stage, with some pretty faces well bumped about inside; they were going a heavy walk, or rather scramble, here and there out of one hole into another; every now and then they got a bit of firm earth, and trot perhaps a half a mile; then, again one scene of various tracked mud, giving great variety of choice to the driver, who display considerable knowledge, as to which hole is the least deep, but generally nearly to the nave of the wheel. I jogged by in a sort of triumps of evasion of ruts; and came in due time to Lockport, a small town, three miles from the great Buffalo, where at last I alighted at the door of the most genteel hotel, the eagle, though not in the main street, nor the largest, or the most frequented. This place is the great mart for emigrants going to the far west, by the Erie steamers, and goods abound at the various wharfs ready for shipment, so that there is a good deal of bustle at the lower end of the town, near the water; here too the canal is covered by boats going and coming with constant cargoes (live and dead,) from Albany. One family from Holland struck me (amid many more) boiling their kettle in the street (or on a small lot,) round this fire sat two or thee good-looking girls, then daddy and mammy, and divers urchins. Ah! thought I, you have got rid of dikes only for greater waters, and of one careful labor to vary it into a greater, and anxiety and excitement will keep up your spirits, such as they are. They did not look happy nor confident, some of them I believe, having crossed the Atlantic, and got as far as this—can get no further, being penniless, and so must stop, hire themselves out, or do the best they can, for it is an old story, and sympathy is out of the question. The main street of Buffalo is wide and pretty well built, but surely the *muddiest* on earth; no attempt at paving or M'Adamising—it is the pure earth and clay, well cut up and mixed, apparently into black pudding.

THE COACH-OFFICE BOOK-KEEPER.

Washington Irving, in his Sketch-book, has described, with most graphic fidelity, the appearance and manners of that important personage, the stage coachman, and almost unlimited power which he exercises over the persons and movements of his temporary live cargoes, while on the road; but there is a monarch whose reign precedes his, and whose authority brief though it be, is paramount over horses, and coach, and coachman himself, until the wheels of the state, (*id est*, the carriage) are actually in motion. He is the superior genius, the autocrat of the starting place, the guardian angel of places and luggage; the dictator of fares and weights, and the arbiter of all way-faring squabbles. Conspicuous in his lustreless hat, and water-proof boots, with way-bill in hand, and pen in mouth, he is the power that regulates, decides, and impels; horses may prance, bugles may sound, and impatient travelers grumble, but nothing can stir until he gives the word. Idle is every attempt to obtain any other disposition of the baggage than that which he has decreed; the prettiest lips in the world may pout, and even entreat; the band-box for which the fair owner is so solicitous, must go on the top, if he wills it, let the sky threaten rain ever so gloomily. The choleric old gentleman, with his gouty toe, must endure the fat woman beside him, with her bundle, her peppermint drops, and her crying baby, if 'tis so nominated in the way bill. Upon his fiat depends the journey of the belated wayfarer, who from a distance beckons and calls aloud for a moment's delay, as he toils breathlessly towards the coach-office; and if it be his pleasure the coach must start, though but a few yards intervene between it and panting pedestrian. What are to him the hopes or the fears of the multidudinous indwellers of his vehicles. They pay their fare, and if they reach their journey's end they have had fair play; he feels a sublime contempt for their parlous anxiety about coats, cloaks and umbrelles, and nothing short of news of an overturn can withdraw the pen from his mouth. With the "setting off," his cares are dispersed—his task is accomplished. The bustle around his den is to him the stillness of mountains; his thoughts are upon one single object and they run their course undisturbed by the clamor of tongues, the rattle of wheels, or the braying of bugles. He has no sympathies in common with all that is moving around him; every thing that he does is a mere business—a mere mechanical arrangement in which his feelings have no part; and the only purpose upon which his hopes or his fears can exert themselves is, that his coach and the clock in his office, shall keep time together.—*Standard.*

Miscellany.

Written for the Traveller and Times.

THE LONG BOW:

A TALE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

Some twenty years ago, when I was quite a boy, nothing delighted me more than to sit by the fire-side, on a cold winter's evening, and listen to the long drawn stories of Johnny Coy, a neighbor of ours, who often called in to entertain us with his "hair-breadth escapes," in "times which tried men's souls." He had sometimes a round-about way of getting at things which was not a little amusing. I once heard him say that there was nothing on "arth" like water to "squench thirst" and help digestion; but that cider was more "tasteable," and wind up by asking the Squire (for so he called my father) if he had a leetel of that are old Gemaca left? That he did sometimes draw the "long bow." I have not *now* a doubt; but at that time all he said was gospel to me, of his numerous adventures with "them tarnal Ingins," as he used to call them. The following (nearly in his own words) is, even at this date, fresh in my recollection:

In the year sixty-seven, I think it was, about twenty on us volunteered to march up from Harford to Darfield, on the Kornectikit, to drive off the tarnal Ingins, for about that time they wor gettin darnation sacy and obstropolous all along the river, clear up to Varmount. I spose a more determin'd sett of fellers never broke bread; chuck full of grit. Ony show us the ininy and give the word, and at it we'd go, hammer and tongs. Wy, I believe we'd undertuck to storm the infarnal regions itself, if we could but ony get at um. Wal, as I wor a saying, up we march'd and riv'd just in time to save the settlement. The Ingins, arter appearing to be all gone off for a number of days, (which had thrown the habitants off guard,) had return'd and made their attack in the night, and a butchering piece of work they made on't; but the whites fought well, and kilt a good many of um. Finally, all who escap'd being tommy-hawk'd retreated into the meetin house, barowkadid the doors, windows, and every hole; and when we rived wor a popping away thro' the broken glass, at the infarnal red skins, like all natur; but the whites wor nearly guv out; their aminition wor most gone, and the varmints wor just breaking down the door when we cum up and pour'd it into um. I rather guess if you'd been there you'd seed a scampering. We kilt a good many of the toads, but most all of um got off. We had a nigger cum up with us—his name was Pompey. We call him Pomp for shortness sake, and a almighty smart nigger he wor, I can tell you. Why that ere chap would knock down a bull with his fist as quick as lightning, ony let him have a fair lick. Wal, as I wor a saying, Pomp smash'd in among the Ingins with the but end of his musket, like all wengeance—every lick told, and I rather guess you might pick up a canteen full of Ingin's hairs, arter the skirmish, which that ere plaagy nigger knock'd out—but he want keerful enough and foller'd too far; and jeest as he wor a turning to come back a ball struck him right *across here*—and tore his trowsers most dreadfully—you ought to seed Pomp jump and grin and sware.—Oh you dam debble, says Pomp—I cotch you bime by—I pay your up for dis. Poor feller; *he couldn't sat down for a week.* He wor the only man wounded. Wal, as I wor a sayin, arter we had drive them all into the woods we came back to the meetin house. The whites had all come out, and the men, wimmen and children cum crowding round to thank us. 'Twould have done your heart good to been one on us. I guess we wor as proud a set of chaps as you ever set eyes on, and I ant ashamed to own it.

Pomp wor as good as any on us, and I thought a leetel better, among the wimmen, case he'd got wounded. Wal, arter about a week or so, the Ingins seemed to be all gone; in fact we never seed "hide nor hair" of um from the day we lick'd um so. We got rather tired doin nothin, and one day says I to Pomp—Pomp says I, spose'n you and I take a bit of a hunt—perhaps we can cotch a coon, or a turkey or two. Sartin, massa Coy; me like dat. I now got the wimmen to give us some lunch to take along, and took a plenty of aminition, and so we shoul. de'd our muskets and off we started. Wal, I never seed game scarcer. I bleeve the plaagy Ingins had sent it all off. We now and then cum across a chip-muck, and once and awhile a jay, and seed one or two wood-chucks run into their holes, but nothin worth shootin at. Pomp kilt one or two of them are chip-mucks with stuns. He beat all natur throwin stuns. Why that ere feller would hit the bigness of a pisteren ten rods, nine times out on a ——— hundred. Wal, as I wor a sayin, we could'nt find no game, no where, no how. It had got pretty late in the arternoon, and before we know'd it we had got three or four miles from the settlement. Pomp, says I, I guess we're gone far enough; we had better take a leetel lunch and make tracks back agin. Gess we hab, massa Coy; him most night, said Pomp. Wal, down we set on a log to take a leetel lunch, as I wor a saying—who-o-o-p wo-o-o! woo-o-o! woo! wo! sounded a leetel way off in the woods, as if heav'n and arth wor a comin together. Gor almighty! what de debble be dat? says Pomp; and the nigger's eyes stuck right out of his head. Thinks I, I mus'nt pear scart.—Ingins, I spect, says I. I spect um are Inguns, says Pomp. He grab'd his gun and I grab'd mine, when who-o-o-p wo-o-o! woo! wo! the sarpents yell'd agin, right closé by. Hide, quick, quick, says I to Pomp. Hide, yourself, massa Coy, says Pomp, and in a minnet we wor down behind a log, ready to let split. We wor hardly down when two strappin Ingins made there pearance; and two as fine lookin chaps they wor as ever trod Terror Firmer. Ping the left hand one, whispered I to Pomp. Yes, massa, I put it tro' him, I spect. A cute chap that nigger: but them toads have such good ears—they hurd us cock our peeces, and they dodg'd now just as quick as lightning, behind two trees. There we wor—we awatin for them, and they awatin for us. 'Twor comin night plaagy fast, and what to do we din'nt know, no how. Says I to Pomp, Pomp says I, we'd better jump up and run, I calkerlate; for bimeby some more of them are chaps will cum along, and we sha'nt stand no chance, no way. I gess we'd better streak it. I spect we hab, said Pomp. You start fuss, massa Coy; I foller arter. You see that ere nigger always sett a great deal by me, case I always stood up for um. Wal, twould'nt do to stop thinkin, and away I started, full chissel, zig zag, like a chain of blue lightning, crack! crack! One ball went right trough my hat, and one right trough my canteen. The licker run down my trowsers, and I thought for all the world it was blood—my knees felt as weak as water, and I was so faint for a minnet; but when I look'd down and did'nt see no blood and nothin but water, thinks I, I'se been so scart—Jove! I did'nt know what to think, for I never thought of my canteen; but I pluck'd up and look'd over my shoulder, and there they come, full split, but no Pomp. Thinks I, they've got him, unless he's slink'd out and hid. Pop went another gun—more Ingins, thinks, I and I reckon I pull'd foot—I went some, I gess: but them Ingins are so *long* winded—I took another look—I could'nt see but one Ingin, and the sarpent was gaining on me, with his scalping knife in one hand and tommy-hawk in tother. I'm gone, thought I—I took a turn right down a steep hill, and the tarnal beast right arter me. I come to a ledge—never stopt—down I went—neck or nothin; but when I struck, Oh, massy, I wor so stunted, I ony had time to crawl up under the ledge, for I could'nt run another inch, when away went the creeter, right over my head. I draw'd up and gin it to him a flyin, and when he struck he wor as dead as a hammer. I reckon I want slow in strippin the chap of his wampums, brasslets and the like, which I had hardly done, when yaw-ha! yaw-ha! ha! ha! broke out right where the Ingin jump'd from—more Ingins! and Coy is a dead man, thought I. I throw'd down the finery and pull'd leg, as well as I wor abel. Stop, stop, massa Coy;—hulloo! What de oie Harry you run for?—all de Inguns dead. Look ere, see what I hab—and sure as a gun, there stood that are Pomp, grinnin like a luminated punkin, dress'd out in the whole bran new sute of an Ingin. Wal, we did'nt stop long where we wor, I reckon—we wor afeard our firin would bring more of the Ingins on our track; so we took up our march, quick time, for the settlement. A goin along, Pomp told me all about how he come to stay behind. It seem'd the Ingins did'nt think there wor two on us behind the log, and when they seed me start, let split, and took right arter me, full jump. Pomp let um pass, then ris up and plugg'd a ball right through the back-bone of one on um. He ony stopt to strip the toad, then foller'd right on arter us, by the marks in the grass; and well he could, for we enymost cut a sworth where we went. On our way home, I seed somethin in Pomp's hand I did't see afore. Pomp, says I, what is that are you've got in your hand? Pomp begun to grin.—Wy sometin to mend my trowserloons, him deuce Ingun tore wid he ball; and sure enuff, that are nigger had scalpt the Ingin he kilt, and that wor what he had in his hand. I shook my head at Pomp, but he broke out into a most tremenderous fit of laffin. He said I tole um so. I tole um, I cotch um bime by, I spect, for de dam rascull dat shoot me in de ——— trowserlouns. Gess he wont shoot no more poor nigger, and then he'd haw! haw! haw! like all natur. I tried to look serus, for I never lik'd scalping—I always thought it barbirous; I could'nt keep it in, and I had to laff too, and when Pomp seed me, he laid right down and roll'd and roll'd, till all at once he cut right short, jump'd up and begun to *curse the cows.* I thought I should have died with laffin, all the way hum. Wal, as I wor sayin, we soon got back to Deerfield, and dreadful glad they wor to see us; for they were afeard somethin had happen'd. But when we come to show all our wampums, brasslets and finery, which we took from the Ingins, there wor great wonderment and rogoicings. I kinder thought some of the Harford boys felt a leetel jellus; howsumever, it all wore off—we agreed like wimmen them are days. We did'nt hear no more of the Ingins, and wor soon sent down hum agin. Ah, that are Pomp! he wor a cute nigger, I can tell ye, and may be alive yet for a time. Squire, where do you yet-this Gemaca from? It's reel ginawine, slick as greese. Wal, as I wor a sayin—ugh—these rumatiz.—I bleeve I'm gettin old. Wal, I must be agoin. Them wor terrible times, Squire. I hope these youngster's wont never see the likes. Why don't you never call in Squire.—I can't give you such Gemaca as you have, but I can give you as good a drop of real first-chop cider brandy as you ever tasted, if it aint all out. Call in, Squire, do—terrible fellers the Ingins. He would then hobble off, leaving us youngsters to brood over the dangers and escapes he had pass'd. I have seen my father shake his head, smile, and say, I am afraid neighbor Coy draws a "long bow." He is about in his second childhood—I did not think so, *then.* AHEM!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—An eulogium upon this great poet and novelist, was delivered at Clinton Hall, by Professer Mc Vickar, on Thursday evening. The Hall was filled to the overflow, with the *elite* of the city. The performance was creditable to the taste, learning and eloquence of the orator. He had passed some time in the family of Sir Walter, and delineated the private virtues of the man, as well as the greatness and modesty of the author, in a peculiarly felicitous and happy manner.

"COLLEGE COMMONS."

The editor of the Amaranth, published at Bridgewater, Mass., relates an anecdote of College Commons, at Cambridge. There had been rancid butter placed upon the table for a number of days, of which the students refused to partake, and it therefore remained, the old lady wondering mean while, "why the students did not eat more butter." At last a student collecting the whole at supper and rolling it in his hands, sent it whizzing to the wall. Soon after the Tutor coming in, snappishly inquired:—"How came that butter there?" to which the student, something of a wag, immediately answered,—"ask the butter; I think it is old enough to speak for itself."

FIRST USE OF CANNON IN ITALY.—Cannon were first used in Italy about the year 1367. They were employed by the Venetians in an attack upon Guera; and Redusio, a writer of that age, describes them with no small tokens of astonishment. "These," says he, "are huge iron weapons, bored throughout their whole length, and having large mouths. Within them is placed a round *stone*, upon a powder composed of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre. This powder is ignited at a hole, and the stone is discharged with such violence that no wall can resist it.—You would believe that God was thundering."—*N. Y. Citizen.*

BLASPHEMY.—"The people" says a political writer "*like providence*, generally do about right." We consider such an expression arrant blasphemy.

Sports of the Turf.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We have abridged, from the American Turf Register, a summary of the most interesting Sporting Intelligence for the present month, which we commend to the attention of our friends. The well known tact of the editor in collating, and his acknowledged talent in making up his Magazine, are so well known and appreciated, that any encomium from our pen would seem entirely superfluous.

Of the last *October Meeting at the Central Course*, Baltimore, he treats in the following happy vein:—

The fine sport it afforded, and the eclat with which the late (third) meeting went off, in spite of many unpropitious circumstances, have established it as one of the principal courses in the union; and those who have had the discernment and liberality to patronise it, may be well satisfied in its having kindled up a zeal and gentlemanly feuling, on the subject of this superior field sport, that whilst they must obviate all objections to it, will have the effect of benefitting Baltimore in all the various ways that were anticipated. Steam-boat companies, stage and hack owners, tavern keepers, turnpike roads, livery stable keepers, store keepers, mechanics of all sorts—all are benefitted more or less.

The *first day* was devoted to a colt sweepstakes, $500 subscription, h. f. and three subscribers. All brought their nags to the post. It proved an easy thing to the son of old Eclipse—time very slow; Medoc never being called upon to show what he could do. That is in reserve for next spring, in the four year old sweepstakes, $500 entrance, to which there are now six subscribers.

The poststake came off the *second day*, and was taken by the since unfortunate Andrew, without straightening his neck, leaving the public ignorant, except by his previous distinguished performances, what he could have done if required. His style of acting was incomparably fine. Black Maria had recently won the three mile day at Poughkeepsie, and the *twenty* mile race at New York; and her most partial friends could not flatter themselves that even she, with her long and steady stride, could win under such circumstances. Malcolm, proving to be out of order, was drawn after the first heat; and the competition on this, as on the preceding days, was not lively and doubtful enough, at any moment, to be interesting.

The *third day's* race was between seven horses, introduced to each other for the first time; and the contest for victory proved to be one of the most interesting ever witnessed on any course. Tychicus nor General Irvine's Lara ran for the first heat. It was taken in quick time, (3 m. 54 s.) by Celeste, closely contested by Bonny Black.

At the entrance upon the quarter stretch, at the close of the second heat, the owner of Tychicus, eyeing the contest with the coolness of the old soldier, told his rider to "go ahead and take the heat;" and his orders were obeyed to the letter; General Irvine's Lara leaving him, however, nothing to spare. This heat, it will be seen, was run in 3 m. 53 s. being, one second less than the first. The third heat terminated in the same way—won by Tychicus, closely contested by the grey horse, in 3 m. 55 s. and nearly all of the seven being, sometimes for a mile, as close as they could safely run to each other. Never was there more honest or beautiful running—never were spectators more gratified. It will be seen that, whilst there was *no falling off* in time, the three heats were performed in 3 m. 54 s.—3 m. 53s.—3 m. 55 s.

For the fair Celeste—winner of the first heat, and of the two mile race at Poughkeepsie, in 3 m. 56 s.—3 m. 52 s.—it is but justice to say, she had very lately travelled twelve or fifteen hundred miles to Treehill, and back to New York, in bad weather, finding nothing there to contend with but—*cholera.*

Tychicus has since beaten Annette at Treehill, and so won for, and upon his owner, that he refused for him, three thousand Spanish dollars.

The *fourth* and last day, was for the Jockey Club purse of $1000, four miles and repeat—and was as animated and doubtful, to the last moment, as any event could be. The first was taken by Miss Mattie, a superb filly of four years, (a stranger on our turf,) relying for backers on her gallant owner—a host of himself—and on the glory of having beaten Virginia Taylor.

For the second heat, (the quickest at this meeting, 7 m. 59 s.) the contest at the run in, was between *O'Kelly*—a noble horse, and tho' not a winner, yet a great favorite on the Central Course—and General Irvine's four year old colt, *Bussicis.* The latter had fallen into bad odour, by having made his maiden race here, as a three year old, for the great poststake, altogether out of condition;—but all *judges* saw in him an improving horse, that would make a figure when he came to get his growth, and to show himself in good order;—as a five year old he will be a dangerous competitor, and the "knowing ones" will beware of encountering him. It was a close thing, yet Bussicis came out lame, and was, of necessity, taken to his stable.

Annette, who had so far been held up to drop within her distance, won the third and fourth heats, and so the race.

In starting for the fourth heat, where a length was of importance, O'Kelly, by some mischance, got off sixty yards in the rear, but made up the gap, and came leading into the quarter stretch in the last mile. On his passing Annette, her saggacious owner made his rider, as his only alternative, take a pull upon her, and save her for a desperate *rush* at the coming out. The issue showed his judgment, and the beautiful Annette passed the judges' stand with Miss Mattie at her throat-latch and O'Kelly on her flank!

The last two days afforded splendid sport, and all were gratified—except those who lost their *blunt*, and even they showed no bluntness, for all went off in good humor—anticipating an agreeable *reunion* next spring, from the number of sweepstakes and matches, that will then come off, and the liberal purses that will be given.

Then we shall see, in all likelihood, Goliah, Sally Hornet, Annette, Black Maria, Flying Dutchman, Collier, Clifford, Miss Mattie, O'Kelly, Polly Baker, Celeste, Tychicus, Busiris and Uncle Sam, &c. &c. But we may expect the "keen encounter" to be between the present three year olds, Mary Randolph, Anvil, Walter Scott, Medoc, Herr Cline, Primero, Tobacconist, Florida, and Emily, with many others.

It would be a palpable omission not to add, that Mr. Selden, the proprietor, in his affable disposition, and all his arrangements, gave universal satisfaction. And, as for our new President, Colonel Heath, saying that he outran the anticipations of all his backers, sanguine as they were, what more could we say? But that costs him no trouble—"it's a way he's got."

THE LOUISVILLE COURSE.—The cholera, wherefore, neither Galen nor Hippocrates, nor Esculapius himself, were they alive, could tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, hath played hob with the racing meetings this autumn. At Louisville the most liberal arrangements had been made. Preparations, on a scale of $10,000, and on a plan of taste and convenience not excelled by any in the union, had been completed. A correspondent informs us that "every thing was completed: the track in perfect condition—fine weather—the whole country a-gog, to see how things would be managed by the new club. The Waxey match race itself was expected to assemble five thousand people, from a circuit of seventy-five to a hundred miles. Beside, the picked horses of fine stables were kept to contend for their regular purses, amounting to $1800. Most of the horses were actually within twenty miles, when, sad to relate, the *cholera broke out!* The sportsmen nearly all turned back; but few strangers made their appearance. The racing was poor; the spectators few, being altogether citizens; and though, at Louisville, the course is graced and encouraged by a large collection of ladies, not one came at the late meeting—not even the stockholders' families. The experiment of a *closed track*, however, was successfully tried—people paid cheerfully—the most perfect order was kept, and not a man intruded on the running track.

"Moreover, their total receipts, in the five days, were, from all sources, $2000, which paid their expenses, proving what an admirable stock it will be with ordinary fortune."

The same correspondent adds:—

"We are in hopes of getting Hedgeford, to stand on the track next season. I have just seen an account of the great four mile race on Long Island. That was worth seeing.—What a mare is Black Maria! After such a race she can't win at your course."

[So it turned out; but the gallant creature will never discredit Shark and Archy blood "for a' that."]

☞ The purse won at the last meeting, at the Central Course, under the denomination of the Chateau Margaux Stakes, will, we are authorized to say, be invested in a splendid cup, and presented by J. C. Craig, Esq. to be run for, at the Central Course, next spring meeting; the distance, and other particulars to be given in our next. There will be a purse connected with the cup, to consist of entrance money, to be paid by all competitors, except the original subscribers to the Chateau Margeaux stakes. It is the wish of Mr. Craig, that the matter be so arranged as to insure a perpetual contest, on the same course, for a prize of equal magnificence and value—$600.

THE DERBY IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Ridsdale won not less than £40,000—the greatest stake that has been won since Memnon's year, when Mr. R. won £32,000. The party, altogether, won little short of £70,000.—*Late Londonderry paper.*

PLATE PRIZES.—Without having either time or room, now, to amplify, we wish thus early to suggest to the friends of the Turf, throughout the Union, the expediency of appropriating a certain *per cent.* of all regular purses at least, in *pieces of plate*, to be *taken home* by the winner—say five or ten per cent. Suppose the purse to be $1000—let the winner take $900, in cash, for himself, and an elegant silver pitcher, of the value of $100, *home* to his wife; or, if destitute of that blessing, to be kept until he gets one. *Verb. sap. sat.*—Every married man will understand us. These prizes would be displayed throughout the country, and would contribute, more than all other influences, to make the sports of the turf popular; for, after all, the women will rule, by hook or by crook, from the sultana to the shepherdess.

CARROLL'S ISLAND, on the Susquehanna, the most celebrated and valuable spot in the world for duck shooting, (especially red-heads and canvass-backs,) has, we hear with much pleasure, been bargained for by a gentleman from Boston—a sportsman of liberal spirit and fortune—himself a good shot.

SCENE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—"What are you engaged in?" said the foreman in a newspaper establishment, to one of the compositors. 'In an elopement.' 'Stop,' said his interrogator, I want you to take a share in a murder!"

Among other new notions, the Bostonians have lately taken to opening oystermen, instead of disembowelling their commodities. A vender of this most relishable fish was lately knocked to pieces by a ruffianly fellow, in the oysterman's own cellar.—*Camden Journal.*

Sporting in New-York.

FISHING AND SHOOTING.

We do not remember of having read a better article than the following for many a day, and most cordially recommend it to *all* our readers. The article seems an *fair* at fishing, shooting, making love, writing, or any thing he attempts and his sketch of a "*Day in the country*," which, by the way, we found in the Standard, is an exceedingly clever affair, not only for the ease and raciness of the narrative, but for the peculiarly felicitous manner of expression throughout.

The writer represents himself as a "Runaway from the cholera," from our good city of Gotham, and is at present domiciliated on the banks of one of those charming lakes in the heart of the western district of this state. After a beautiful exordium, (we are obliged to omit a greater portion of the "sketch" for want of room,) and giving a fine description of his situation, the family in which he resides, &c. &c. among which we are not surprised to find a "fair hair'd lassie" commences the account of his adventures by "flood and field."

But in the facinating ———, my Dear George, I have lost sight of my promise to give you a history of a day in the country, and now return to its fulfilment having first pressed you into the service, with the intention of compelling you to keep company with us through the day. And here we are at sunrise, our breakfast disposed of, our rifles and shooting apparatus in order, our pockets filled with hooks, lines, fine brass wire, and other implements of fishing, and with a stout young fellow to carry our baggage in which is stored a respectable modicum of crackers and cheese, we sally out on our excursion, plunge into the woodland, where Cesar and Blanche start the red legged partridge, and tree squirrels, both black and grey, innumerable, of which *en passant* we replenish our game bags with some three or four apiece.

Now we are on the banks of the stream, a sluggish winding inlet of the lake, full of sunken logs and drift timber, and every reach and eddy covered with millions of party covered leaves. Here my lad in this deep cool, where this little spring brook enters from the hill, we shall find our finny game, so now for our fishing implements. One or two elastic poles or rods fifteen or twenty feet in length are speedily procured, a line of sufficient length to reach the bottom is attached, but instead of a hook a piece of brass wire dexterously formed into a noose is appended to the line. Now, George, we are ready, let us cautiously creep to the water's edge, for your trout is a fish not to be trifled with, and exceedingly prone to take himself off on the first alarm. Put your hand on your mouth and speak in a whisper, while you look down there and see a sight that would make the dispeptic forgot the ills that flesh is heir to. Half a dozen noble fellows lying on the sandy bottom—15 pounds weight at least. It is well those eddying leaves intercept the sun or we should be scarcely able to see them at that depth. Do as I do—see, I have dropped my wire to the bottom just before the head of the largest, and turn it in such a position that it will easily slip over it; do it very gently, and as old piscatory Walton says, when passing a hook through a frog for bait, "use him as if you loved him;"—there, it is now well back of his gill fins, and your noose too is well on, so now we draw together. Here they come, heavy fish, and a hard struggle, but I never knew a wire slip. Look at their broad backs and rich colors, and say if they are not two fine fellows, and 'show me the man who will decry trout fishing when he has felt his rod quivering with a weight of several pounds, and sees his victim dart to and fro as he is drawn from his native element.

I like fishing any way, it is a kind of dreamlike existence, now and then broken by a bite, but oftener by a nibble, yet of all ways I prefer this of trout noosing. I like it, because it rather avoids Dr. Franklin's caustic assertion, that fishing is a business in which all that is required is a "rod, with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other." And now, having secured these, we will, with your leave, look after the others; but they, I apprehend, will come up missing. Now here in the pool—well, we must search them out; we shall probably find them under that huge log and pile of wood. Ah, there is one, ostrich like, his head thrust under some sticks and his tail sticking out—his destiny is fixed; drop your line until it will draw, pull quickly and he is yours. Very well done; but a trout of his size drawn tail first, pulls hard I can assure you.

See, snugly ensconced under the log yonder is one of the finest of the whole, but how shall we get at him? we cannot noose him as he lies. We should have brought a spear for such an emergency, but never mind, we will try to secure him as it is. Here, help me to lash my Spanish knife to the end of this pole, so that the full blade will project beyond it;—it is fast and makes a very respectable harpoon. Now be careful, and when the point is within a few inches strike him just beyond the gills, strike sure and he is ours. See him flounder—how he heeds—hold him firm a moment—now withdraw the knife. After a few ineffectual attempts at swimming he falls on his side—he is dead, and the wire will quickly land him on the shore. A pretty good morning's work we have made of it, and since we shall be likely to find no more here, we will follow the stream to the lake, as we may perhaps pick up some straggling trout by the way, having first dispatched our man before us to secure a canoe, and procure bait for angling.

Here we are at last on the sandy margin of the lake. Rods, lines, and every thing in order we enter the canoe—you, George, will seat yourself in the fore part; I shall sit on this place of board thrown across the middle, and John pushing off the frail craft jumps in himself, and with a single paddle in Indian fashion, sweeps us out into the lake. Do you see that black speck some thirty rods out?—that is the top of a pole set in about forty feet water, as a stake to which we may moor the boat. Steady, we shall be upon it soon—now, George, grasp it, and with that piece of bark tie the canoe to the stake securely.

Now throw out your lines, and while the hook goes eddying down hold your rod with a gentle hand. That was a glorious nibble; a little too hasty George in, drawing the line, or you would have brought him in a perch of five pound weight. Here he's hold again, and fast; keep your line straight, but do not twitch; let him run! he will be exhausted the sooner—now lift him over the side of the canoe, and drop him plump upon the bottom. Very well done George, you do honor to your new vocation. Throw your line on the other side—better lift it a little—perhaps it lies on the bottom, which may be the reason you do not get another bite. Hah, what? fast eh! it gives, does it! an eel I will venture, and a heavy one too. Pull steady, firm, and very slow—there he goes off like a shot, line and all; no, it brings him up, and a good hook it must be, or he would have snapped it like a pipe stem. Now he is so near the surface that we can see the silver white of his belly—a monster, a sea serpent he is in size; gently or we shall loose him yet—there, his head is out of water, grasp the line and whisk him in the canoe in a moment—whop he comes, the slippery fellow, how he glides around. Now we will see if you can hold an eel as well as a fisherwoman. Slip your hand along his back to his gills, and with a single plunge set your fingers in them firmly; if you miss you may as well undertake to hold a Leviathan. Do George, for conscience sake, take off your gloves—fishing with gloves on. How that sounds; no wonder you could not hold—there, try again, you will do better now. As luck will have it he has worked himself off the hook; he is a formidable chap, will weigh ten pouds or more, and since you have the luck to day, bait well, and throw out again.

Suppose we prime our rifles anew, and row across the lake to try a few shots upon that flock of black ducks that have just dropped into the water, and now look like specks in the rising and falling waves. Is all our fishing tackle in, and paddles ready?—then cast off the bark, and keep the course as near the rushes as possible, as they will hide our approach to the cove.

What is that on the top of that pile of rushes? A muskrat sleeping on the top of his house; for such that haycock looking pile is—let the canoe float gently, and I will send a ball through his head—if it kills him instantly, we can get him, if he has life enough to dive we shall loose him. Bang!—the muskrat is cold coffee—see, he has stretched out his legs once, quivered slightly, and all is over. Plunge, plunge, plunge, here's more that have crept out to see what is the matter; but the alarm given, we shall get no more shots; so push the canoe through the rushes, pick up the game, and then row on.

Run the canoe ashore in this spot, haul it up on the beach, while we take our rifles and away for the ducks. Don't shake a brush or crack a twig in creeping through the underwood, on this narrow point that hides us from our game. Now we emerge from the bushes—look through those low willows—five, ten, twenty at least—we can fire from this sand bank; how beautifully they sit on the water—we must have each of us, one at least, so George you take the north and I will the south one; very well done—shots exactly timed, and three ducks as dead as door nails, I two, and you one. John take the canoe and pick them up. Stop! what is that! The scream of a loon. Ah there he is, twenty rods off floating gently out into the lake—the keen eyed fellow sees us, and we dodge as the flash you fire about six inches ahead of him, and if you miss I will take him when he rises. You have done the job for him, his head falls on the water, and his wings are spread out; a capital shot; Blanche, go, swim out, and bring him in.

Listen! There's music for you. Esquire Newton's hounds are out, and, as he has gone to Washington, without their master. Their course shows what they are after, and are driving him to the lake. To kill a fat buck would be a glorious consummation of our days work—bark! they are descending the hills, there is not a moment to be lost—push off the canoes. I will take a paddle and assist John, while you George reload the rifles. Now strike together—we can almost throw the little craft from the water; it would do a Whitehall boatman good to see us dart onward.

Here they come; two leaps have cleared the space from the bushes to the water, and the long howl of the dogs as they run backwards and forwards on the beach, shows their disappointment at the escape of the deer. Steer the canoe so as to strike the course he is making a out two thirds across the lake—push lustily or we loose him; see he shoots forward like an arrow. We gain upon him and shall be up with him in ten minutes; how proudly he bears his noble antlers; he sees us, and turns his head as if hesitating whether to return and face the dogs, or endeavor to reach the other shore. No matter which he chooses, we can out him off from either. What beautiful eyes, and how he evidently strains every nerve as he sweeps gallantly through the water. He is within sure distance, and it is but a little way to the shore, shall I put a ball through his head? Not by any means, George, unless you wish to see him sink to the bottom of the lake. John run the canoe upon him as nearly as possible, and you, George, take this stout line, double it and as we come up to him, throw it over his horns, that done he is ours. Well throw over both antlers, lay down your paddle, he will tow the canoe. George take that short club, throw me the cord, and when I draw his head to the canoe, you must knock him in the head. How, now? the club broken like a pipe steam? Well take the rifle and hit him in the forehead, the line will keep him from sinking. How your gun trembles, set it down a moment, and compose your nerves or you will not touch him—that will do, now fire cooly, well aimed, now hold the cord firmly, and as you lift his head from the water I will cut his throat—slam! there goes my Spanish knife to the bottom of the lake, and my arm is half broken; who could have imagined that in the water such a blow could have been given; but that stream of blood that colors the water so deeply shows that the knife did its business effectually. He has done struggling, and now we must lift him in the canoe. What a noble fellow—steady all hands or we shall upset the craft—slow and sure—there lay him back downwards—how he settles us in the water—it is well the lake is smooth, or we might yet have some difficulty in getting our prize home.

We must now make our way to the cove—pick up our ducks, if the dogs have not already done it for us, and make our preparations for home. See, the sun is pretty well down upon the western hill tops, and my stomach demurrs at longer probation. There, drive her upon the beach—down Cesar, down Blanche—your turn in dear catching

TRAVELLER & TIMES.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

New-York:
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 15, 1832.

THE PAYNE DINNER.

According to our promise last week, we present as complete an account as we have been able to collect of this interesting Dinner, given by the friends of Literature and the Drama, who had been most active in promoting the late celebrated dramatic festival on our countryman's return to his native city. Although we may fall far short in our description, we can pledge ourselves for its being more thorough than any other which has appeared, and we take some pride in saying so, because we think our readers will be obliged to us for enabling them to preserve a record of a scene, which will long be remembered with delight by all who had the happiness of being present.

Our pleasure is peculiar on this occasion, inasmuch as we ventured, when in London, to urge Mr. Payne to this visit; assuring him that his reception would exceed his wildest expectations. He appeared perfectly sceptical, and expressed, with the utmost apparent sincerity, the belief that he was forgotten. His scepticism has necessarily vanished. Mr. Noah, to whom the writer of this intimated his suggestion, with that promptitude and zeal, which so eminently characterize him, immediately addressed to Mr. Payne a glowing and heartfelt invitation. It was accepted, and Mr. Payne landed on his native soil, when the destroying pestilence had scattered many of his warmest friends, and debarred the remainder from extending their wonted courtesy. The pestilence has passed away—succeeded by the triumphant acknowledgement of one our sons as amongst the foremost of those deserving pioneers who have cleared the obstacles in the march of our country's literary glory. We make no invidious selection where all were animated with a zeal so laudable and fervent, but must pay a just tribute to Col. Morris for his determined efforts—his manly perseverance, and the sacrifices of time and labor he so cheerfully bestowed.

We had prepared, for this paper, an account of a dinner given to Sheridan Knowles in Glasgow, but must needs defer it. Mr. Knowles, like Mr. Payne, is a man "whom to know is to honor." They have occupied for years the prominent ground in England, wearing their blushing honors with the utmost seeming unconsciousness.

It will be ever foremost in our most cherished reminiscences, that we have enjoyed the favor and friendship of these conspicuous dramatists, certainly not allayed by the opportunity we avail of, to express our sense of their worth and merits.

On the morning after the Benefit, which took place at the Park Theatre on the 29th of November, the following letter was addressed to JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 30, 1832.

DEAR SIR—The public having already testified in the readiest and most significant manner, their sense of what your labors have earned from them, a number of your fellow citizens, uniting the feelings of personal friendship with those who have actuated the acknowledgement of your efforts in the cause of literature and the drama, and anxious no longer to delay adding their welcome to your native city, to the one already so properly given by its inhabitants at large, beg to invite you to a dinner at the City Hotel, on Saturday next, at half past four o'clock.

We are, with much esteem,
your friends, and townsmen,
GEORGE P. MORRIS,
A. N. LAWRENCE,
ARCHIBALD GRACIE, } Committee.

To JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.

To which the following answer was returned:

TUESDAY evening, Nov. 30, 1832.

GENTLEMEN—It is superfluous for me to say that I am gratified by your attention; and although a public dinner is by no means a distinction to which my humble labors can have given me any claim,—as the one to which you do me the honor of inviting me is suggested by the welcome of personal friendship, I should be sorry to incur the suspicion of carelessness of your kindness, by not meeting you at the time you mention.

Believe me, gentlemen,
with sincere regard and gratitude,
your friend and townsman,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Messrs. GEORGE P. MORRIS,
A. N. LAWRENCE,
ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

In consequence of which a numerous party of literary and professional gentlemen assembled at the City Hotel on the day appointed. On the entrance of Mr. Payne to the anti-chamber, the annexed letter was handed to him:

NEW YORK, Dec. 1st, 1832.

DEAR SIR—A number of the friends of literature and the drama in this city, justly appreciating your private worth and literary merit, had formed themselves into a committee even before your arrival from London, for the purpose of welcoming you to your native city, and of rendering you a tribute for your labors in the cause of letters. The epidemic, which unfortunately prevailed here at the period of your arrival, long prevented the committee from carrying their intentions into effect.

We have now the pleasure to inform you, that under direction of the committee, whose names accompany this, and by whose instructions we now address you, a benefit was made for you at the Park Theatre on Thursday evening, the 22th November, the net proceeds of which will be presented to you by George P. Morris, Esq. Treasurer. We beg you will accept the same as A TESTIMONIAL FROM YOUR NATIVE CITY.

The committee take great pleasure in communicating through us their high approbation of the polite, honorable and generous manner, in which Mr. Simpson, manager of the Park Theatre, united with, and aided them, in all that related to the benefit.

The committee take equal pleasure in announcing the very kind and handsome manner in which (besides the regular company at the Park) several distinguished performers volunteered their services; and to their fame and talents much of the success of the benefit properly belongs. We take satisfaction in stating that (at much inconvenience to themselves,) Messrs. Kemble, Forrest, Wallack, Horn, and Scott; Misses Fanny Kemble, Hughes, and Waring, and Mrs. Barnes, appeared on the occasion, (as will be seen by the bill which we enclose,) to the admiration of the numerous audience that on Thursday evening graced the Park Theatre.

We feel gratified that we are the medium through which the communication is made to you, and beg you will accept the assurance of the respect with which we are

Dear sir, your most obedient
and humble servants,
JAMES LAWSON,
PROSPER M. WETMORE,
SAMUEL SWARTWOUT,
ISAAC S. HONE,
DUNCAN C. PELL,
THEODORE S. FAY,
HENRY OGDEN,
ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

To J. H. PAYNE, Esq.

To the above, Mr. Payne sent the following reply; which, being inseparable from the subject, we insert here:

New-York, Dec. 3, 1832.

To Messrs. Lawson, &c. &c.

GENTLEMEN—I beg to return my most grateful acknowledgments for your kindness, and for the manner in which it has been conveyed. I have already expressed my sense of the generous alacrity with which my fellow citizens came forward to second your object. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without mentioning how much it confirms my own opinion of the lofty and honorable spirit of my countrymen, (and I believe it will excite the same feeling wherever it may be known,) that they should have considered the frequent and lucrative performance at the Theatres in America of such plays as I have first introduced elsewhere, not only as constituting a claim where they have produced advantages, but that they should have voluntarily come forward to cancel that portion of the claim in which they deemed my native city concerned, in a manner the most ample, gratifying and noble. I had heard, while abroad, that similar demonstrations of a chivalric spirit on such subjects had been made in various parts of our republic, with reference to foreign writers from whose works profit had been derived by American publishers,—and as a child of the soil, I feel proud to have the opportunity of adding the tribute of my personal experience, to the still more general and cordial eagerness with which my country recognizes the title to her remembrance,—however humble in the present case, of those who have the appiness to be her own.

To your acknowledgment of the good feeling which actuated the distinguished members of the theatrical profession, generally, in tendering their important aid, permit me, most cordially, to add my warmest thanks;—in which I would include besides the eminent individuals whose attraction was added to that of the regular Park company, others who were prevented by indisposition from showing their kind interest in this most delicate and splendid compliment.

In once more begging your acceptance of my best thanks for what you have done, and for your manner of doing it, allow me to add how much the pleasure of this reception is enhanced by my great esteem for the distinguished and warm hearted persons who have been its first suggestors and have brought it to a result which I shall never cease to remember but with pride and gratitude.

Believe me,
Gentlemen,
with profound respect,
your most faithful and truly obliged
countryman, friend and servant,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Shortly after the before quoted letter of the committee was delivered to Mr. Payne, dinner being announced, the company sat down to a sumptuous repast, to which they were provided by Mr. JENNINGS, in his best style, with all the delicacies of the season. ISAAC S. HONE, Esq. presided, assisted by PROSPER M. WETMORE, Esq. as first Vice President, and GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq. as second Vice President.

After the cloth was removed, Mr. HONE read letters of apology from Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, Mr. JAMES WALLACK, and Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON, who were absent in consequence of professional engagements, and from Mr. EDWIN FORREST, who was detained at home by severe indisposition.

In announcing the first toast, the President addressed the company in a strain of eloquence and good taste, which did equal honor to his head and heart. We dare not trust our memory to record one of the most feeling and delicate welcomes to the distinguished guest, which the power of language could convey. Mr. HONE expatiated on the various productions of Mr. PAYNE, and after naming such as were original, mentioned that where our countryman had not actually created the gold, he had given to it the value which made it available and current. He spoke of the struggles to which Mr. Payne had been exposed abroad, and dwelt, with great power and animation, on the peculiar difficulties ever attending the dramatic author; described the variety and extent of powers required for excellence, and the thousands of chances which might blast the hopes of the laborer for the stage, even at the very moment when they seemed secures. After further, and very profound observations on the literature of the drama, and on the particular and strong claims of Mr. PAYNE to the consideration of all who valued it, and most especially on that of his own countrymen, he closed his speech with the following toast:

OUR DISTINGUISHED COUNTRYMAN, JOHN HOWARD PAYNE:—*The family of literature welcomes him to the* HOME *whose praises he has so surelly sung.*

As soon as the acclamations with which this toast was received, had subsided, Mr. PAYNE replied—

Since my arrival in America, I find, Mr. President, that the phrases of gratitude are less various, than the forms in which my countrymen display their kindness. Only two evenings since, it became my duty to attempt the acknowledgement of an unique attention, unprecedented in its elegance and delicacy and munificence; and now a welcome greets me in another shape, yet I can only give utterance to my feelings in the same simple assurance of how deeply I am obliged. Little could I have fancied in the first hour of my return, that I should have had such liberalities to speak of, that I should have been blest with such friends to make my native city more than ever dear to me! Sir, the omens of that hour, and even of days which followed, would have driven a superstitious man back, and he would have returned no more. After an absence of twenty years—that little life time, twenty years!—when uproused one morning by intelligence that the pilot was on board, and our ship within hail of the shore—I flew on deck. A tempest raged.—The angel of death seemed careering in the clouds, and flinging around lightnings which almost made each one of us expect his own last moment in the following flash. But the storm cleared,—and I beheld the fair city of my birth enthroned upon her beautiful waters, and I rejoiced in belonging to such a mother, and that my weary pilgrimage had closed at such a home! But this succession of emotions was but symbolical of deeper ones to which I yet was destined; for when my steps sought the spots to which in earlier life they were accustomed, I found a severer darkness frowning over them in the pestilence, and houses untenanted, or most of those which had inhabitants, in tears and mourning. When I asked for many a friend of years gone by, I was pointed to the tomb. But presently the streets began to brighten into what they were;—many a warm hand renewed the earnest grasp so long ago remembered;—the welcome of many a departed parent smiled on me in their children;—until at length I beheld the memories of a former day gathering the lovely and the gallant and the intellectual and the affluent, in one splendid circle, where I could almost fancy the spirits of some of the long buried dead, who would have united at that moment with the living—hovering o'er a scene which made me forget the humbleness of my own desert in exultation for the glorious privilege of once again exclaiming, as I gazed before me—The wanderer *has* a home and it is *here*.

You have alluded, Mr. President, to my long residence abroad, and I thank you for the opportunity of mentioning those whom I have just quitted. My career has, indeed, been a very chequered one, but I am not aware that its infelicities have exceeded those inherent in a literary life without advantages. In my earlier ramblings, I am bound to remember France and the revered friendship of TALMA;—I should also speak of the hospitalities of Liverpool and her lamented ROSCOE;—and when in Ireland, welcomed to her O'CONNELL and her PHILLIPS, and my ends of the warm-hearted and enlightened. I said to the people of Dublin—"My countrymen shall be told from my experience that an American may make friends in other lands, but in grateful Erin he shall find a home," and I should be glad to know that there are any present belonging to that country, for they would not let it be forgotten that my word to Dublin eighteen years ago, is now fulfilled with pride and thankfulness, to my native city of New York.—In the great metropolis, London, I have endured struggles, bitter, heart breaking struggles,—but it should be understood that in a place overthronged with so much bustling competition, it is hard for any aspirant to escape unbruised. My own country would think me unworthy of her, could I deem it any recommendation to her favor, to suppress the truth that I have found the land of my birth by no means so undervalued, as we are taught to fancy in the land which I, for so many years, have made that of my residence. I have experienced cordial friendship from every rank; and though sometimes harshly dealt with by little minds from sordid motives, I have been sustained by great ones, from the most disinterested. Nay, I must not except some of the aristocracy itself from especial praise for qualities, to make members of that order respected even in America, where we do not value them for their rank. When I have been sinking, the support of such men as the DEVONSHIRES, the LANSDOWNES, the BURDETTS, the POZTLANDS, the SEAGRAVES, the MILGRAVES, has been accorded to me, with an elegance and promptitude, for which I am aware I am less indebted to my own merits than to their honor for a country, which I felt the prouder of when I found it a passport to the kindness of persons with a nobility beyond their coronets. But perhaps there would be required no better testimonial of the good will of that nation towards ours, in all matters connected with literature, than the cordial alacrity with which the most distinguished representatives of the British Drama last Thursday, came forward in support of an American. If I single Mr. KEMBLE and Mr. WALLACK from the rest, it is not because I think the attention of one person on such an occasion, less complimentary than that of another; but that it enables me to mention how much my gratification was, under all the circumstances, enhanced, in seeing my reception from my native city graced by those who so many years have been the rival managers of the two great theatres of London, with which I have been principally connected. But there is still one individual whom I am bound to name, and in alluding to the young poet-actress, whose skill in embodying the imaginations of others, is only equalled by the power with which she gives force and immortality to her own, I rejoice to blend with the universal admiration of her genius as an artist and an author, the tribute of my own gratitude for her kind-heartedness as a gentlewoman.

Mr. President, had I not already detained you too long, I might have attempted to say something upon the other points of your address, though I should tremble to approach a subject which had been touched by your eloquence. My feeling for the interests of the literature of the drama, and my sense of its importance to the community, must be inferred from my past attention to it; and will, I trust, be obvious from my future efforts to deserve a place among those of my country men, who have shown and some very recently, the power of achieving great things for our fame to come, in the most difficult pursuit. If,—though as I believe, the earliest native adventurer in the representative department of the drama, I myself have voluntarily withdrawn from the course,—with my young country man who so nobly wears the laurel I once so longed to win, the destinies of native acting remain where they are sure to be borne so proudly. But it is time I should release you; and if I may still be permitted to pursue my strain of egotism, I would ask you to allow me to close with the mention of three names which are dear to me,—two as my earliest patrons in this my native city; and one as a warm and most devoted friend;—and I do not know that I ever again may have so fitting an opportunity of paying them the tribute they deserve from me, as among those who have shown their spirit towards me in later life, though in a different form. I would, therefore, Mr. President, beg leave to propose, without further preamble,

The memories of WILLIAM COLEMAN, JOHN E. SEAMAN, and JOSEPH D. FAY.

This address was frequently interrupted with warm applause, and Mr. Payne had no sooner resumed his seat, than the following tasteful and beautiful Ode, written for the occasion by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq. was given by Mr. J. J. ADAMS.

PAYNE'S WELCOME.

Tune—*Scots wha' hae.*

Braid the wreath, the chaplet twine,
Weave the laurel with the vine,
Taste and mirth shall here combine,
To grace our revelry.

Native Genius claims our praise,
Tell his worth in tuneful lays,
Crown him with the shadowing bays,
Blooming verdantly.

Freedom's sons who cease to roam,
Thus receive a welcome home,
Here beneath her temple's dome,
Where her anthems swell.

Let each breast with joy expand,
While we thus with heart and hand,
Welcome to his native land,
The bard we love so well.

'Tis to him, whose magic quill
Moulds our passions to his will,
Waking feeling's sweetest thrill,
We the tribute pay.

'Tis to him, whose classic lyre
Can the coldest heart inspire,
With a glow of patriot fire,
That can ne'er decay.

Does he not our hearts appall,
In the despot *Tarquin's* fall?
Does not sweet *Lucretia*, call
Tears of sympathy!

Does not *Richelieu* impart,
Tremors to the "*Broken Heart*"
Do not gems of pity start
For his "*Oswald*?"

Lo! the magic wand he waves!
Kings and courtiers burst their graves,
Charles with all his merry knaves,
Join in revelry.

Clari and Therese are here,
See, the White Maid too appear!
"Home, sweet home," salutes the ear.
Dear to memory.

Hail him welcome to the shores,
Where bright Freedom's Eagle soars,
Where her temple's open doors,
Welcome all the free!

Where, in academic bowers,
Shadowed by her loveliest flowers,
Once he passed the sweetest hours,
Of careless infancy.

Bard, beloved by all the Nine,
Minstrel of the lyre divine,
Fadeless honors shall be thine,
Through futurity.

Take the wreath from friendship's hand,
Woven by this festive band,
Welcome to thy native land—
Land of liberty.

The first Vice President, next addressed the company:—Before mentioning the name of the gentleman whose health I am about to ask you to drink, I take this opportunity to say a word in relation to the generosity of his heart, and the richness of his mind. He was one of the very first who took an interest in the Festival of Thursday last, and kindly offered his name and services to add his mite to the attractions of the evening. He has always been the foremost to do his share in honoring our sons of genius; and his purse has never been shut against the meritorious who stood in need of his bounty. His talents as an actor, you all know, and all appreciate. Allow me, after these few remarks, to give you—EDWIN FORREST:

"His health; and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name."

It is almost unnecessary to say the toast was drank with enthusiasm, and followed by "three-times three" cheers.

The second Vice President rose and prefaced his toast, in as nearly as can be recollected, the following words:

He perceived it was expected that he would follow the example of his worthy colleague, and introduce the toast he was about to offer, by the expression of his personal feelings upon the occasion. He had only to regret that the expectation should call upon one so much less capable than those by whom he was surrounded, of giving words to what was passing in his bosom, although in the emotions which dwelt in it, there was none present by whom he was willing to suppose himself surpassed. Of the individual who was the immediate cause of the meeting, he should say nothing; not merely because he knew his merits to be in abler hands, but because his intercourse with him, ever since he had the pleasure of his acquaintance, had been so much upon the familiar footing of private friendship, that his praises might be looked upon as partial; but connected with him and his interests, a toast yet remained for him to propose: and, in offering it, he hoped his associates in the Committee would pardon him for singling out one from the rest—a gentleman of fine taste, extensive acquirements, ready eloquence, and, what was worth them all, a princely heart—who, throughout this affair, had been most active in urging the object upon others, and most munificent in advancing it himself. Whatever celebrity a community may gain for liberality, said Col. Morris, comes from men of this description, and he regretted that they were not more numerous. If they were, (continued he) genius would not languish in the shade—the arts would flourish—literature would never seek for patronage in vain, and we should no longer hear the poet complaining, in the strain of the neglected early bard of our country,

"Of these cold solitudes and shifting skies,
Where fancy sickens and where genius dies."

After what he had stated, it would be scarcely necessary for him to name the gentleman to whom he alluded. All anticipated him in wishing

Continued health and prosperity to our enlightened and liberal fellow-citizen and chairman.

After the enthusiastic applause with which this toast was received had somewhat subsided, Mr. Hone returned thanks with great elegance and modesty. After much very pungent and humorous remark, he could take no credit to himself for his exertions in a cause which conferred more honour on him than it would gain;—that in the present instance he was but one in a vast crowd, and deserved no especial notice, for were every one toasted who felt as he did upon the subject, agreeable as the company was to him and each other, he feared they would be kept together much longer than any of them,—especially those who had wives expecting them at home,—might find convenient. To save time, therefore, and still not to neglect the well wishers to the triumph they now celebrated he would sum all who were proud of it in the city in one general toast and propose, the names contained in

THE NEW YORK DIRECTORY!

which, we need not add, was drank with immense applause and no little laughter.

Upon this, General Wetmore rose, and observed that as the notice of those who supported a subject they all held so dear was becoming so much extended, he thought it might not be wrong to offer a summary of the ornaments of the stage in every department, especially as he observed on the left of the chair one of the most distinguished of our dramatists. He therefore begged to offer the following sentiment:

Those who write and those whoact.

To which Dr. BIRD replied:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—As far as I myself am concerned, I am sensible of the compliment conveyed by the toast of the excellent and respected Vice President; but I do not rise to repay his kindness and the good nature of the gentlemen present, by any obtrusive expression of thanks. I am more desirous of directing your attention to one of "those who write," whom it will delight you to honor. You, have already shown—and in the occasion which this evening calls you together, have most worthily shown—with what spirit you encourage those individuals who devote themselves to the establishment of the American Drama; and to that spirit I appeal, while demanding at your hands honor for a fair and most gifted devotee. Whatever doubts, Mr. President, I myself, in common with other crooking personages, may have had of the *early* success of this branch of our literature, have been dispelled by a visitation and cooperation almost angelic; I have seen among our ranks, volunteering for the good though difficult cause, *a woman*; and her appearance has seemed to me like the rising of the star that is to govern and beautify our destinies. If the cause be worthy the devotion of a woman, who along with the grace and tenderness, the timid hope and delicate enthusiasm of her sex, brings to her task the fortitude and confidence of our own, what man, while he greets her with a warm and generous welcome, will not anticipate the earliest triumph to her cause!

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose to you the health of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, of Kentucky, authoress of *De Lara*. The women of America have the best hearts in the world. Mrs. Hentz is an instance that God has endowed them with heads worthy of their hearts.

After Mr. NOAH had retired, a gentleman present gave—

The author of the battle of Chippewa.

On which Mr. SAMUEL SWARTWOUT observed—That he was about to suggest that toast in a form which he felt sure would make it responded to by all present. He had long known Mr. NOAH, and, after an intercourse with that gentleman of many years, he was happy to declare, in this public manner, that he had never known a man possessing a better or a kinder heart: and, notwithstanding the opinions that might exist about his politics or his religion, there was a "daily beauty in his life," that endeared him to all his friends. None possessed, he might say, a more Christian spirit; and, as he had been the first to propose the compliment of late so justly paid to our amiable guest, he proposed for a toast,

M. M. NOAH, *the friend of Literature and the Drama.*

Mr. REDWOOD FISHER, editor of the Advocate newspaper, bore testimony to the correctness both of Mr SWARTWOUT's general remarks on Mr. NOAH, and to its applicability in the present instance. Mr FISHER himself was spoken to upon the subject by Major NOAH, eighteen months ago, when Mr. PAYNE's return was first expected; and although he had no sympathy with the Major in religion having himself been brought up a Quaker, and certainly none in politics, being the *Advocate* of very different sentiments, yet he united cordially in the praise accorded to the Major for zeal in the affairs of literature and taste, and for the manner in which he had exercised that zeal upon the present occasion. He liked the use of the word Christian, as applied to the Major, as no man within the whole scope of his acquaintance had more christian feelings, and he responded to Mr. SWARTWOUT's sentiment with all his heart.

Mr. HOWARD PAYNE declared his delight at the opportunity of expressing his gratitude to Major NOAH who wrote to him in England two years ago, urging his return, and stating that whenever he should return, he might expect the reception with which he had since been honored. Although Mr PAYNE regarded the suggestion at the time rather as a wish than a probability, Major NOAH, on hearing of his arrival, even though so long an interval had elapsed, renewed the profession which have since grown into reality. One of the highest gratifications Mr. PAYNE received from the result, was, that he should have supplied an opportunity for gentleman severally divided by party dissentions to meet in a friendly manner, and he considered that literature could have no more enviable triumph than when towering above religious of political feuds, she thus united all in harmony as brothers. Mr PAYNE was sure Major NOAH would have been highly gratified, had he remained to witness the warmth with which his health was welcomed, and as the Major himself was not present, for want of an abler substitute, in his name Mr. PAYNE took the liberty of returning thanks.

By Redwood Fisher—The true philosophy—the pleasure *of welcoming* PAYNE.

Col. CHARLES W. SANDFORD, being desired to offer a sentiment, said, that as this was a meeting of the friends of literature and the stage, he deemed it a suitable occasion to notice such individuals as had contributed to the advancement of the drama in this country. During the whole evening he had had the honor of sitting next to a gentleman, who had written one of the most successful plays ever acted here—one that was universally popular and had been represented at four different theatres in this city on the same evening! A triumph that no other native dramatist had ever enjoyed. He, therefore, availed himself of the opportunity now offered, and proposed

The Author of Inner Cliff.

Col. MORRIS acknowledged the compliment with great neatness and brevity. He said that his contribution to the stock of literature and the drama in this country, was of so trifling a nature, that he had imagined it long ago forgotten; and certainly could not have expected to see it rising at this festive board, like Banquo's ghost, frightening him up from his place, to make a speech. He, however, noticed a number of successful authors present, who were much more capable of eloquence than himself, and he would, therefore, transfer the opportunity to one of them—

The author of Giordano.

Mr. LAWSON, with his usual readiness and good humor, remarked that, had not compliments been "as thick as blackberries," he feared he should have been denied the opportunity of edifying the company by the eloquence of his gratitude. He entertained the listeners with many agreeable sallies. In conclusion remarked, that he could not think himself strong enough to sustain so great a compliment, and he would consequently shift it off upon

The author of Lexington.

Upon which Gen. WETMORE very pleasantly disclaimed the power of enduring what two strong bodied authors had been unable to sustain, and he accordingly offered

The author of Waldemar.

Whereupon, Mr. J. J. BAILEY, rising, observed that as he saw no other gentleman present who had *perpetrated* a whole play, although there was one, he understood that had been found guilty of the two first acts of a tragedy,—and as he himself really could not support the honor to which his companions found themselves incompetent, he would beg leave to throw it upon

THE PRESS—*Capable of supporting any thing.*

This badinage and the pretended embarrassment of the gentlemen above referred to, created much diversion; and even *rival* editors, who wage daily and deadly war, forgot their party politics and petty feuds, looked across the table at each other and positively smiled!

By ROBERT W. WIER.—WASHINGTON ALSTON, *the poet and the painter.*

By HENRY OGDEN.—CHARLES KEMBLE, *the accomplished actor and the finished gentleman.*

By JOHN F. SIBELL.—*He had witnessed her eagerness and zeal in volunteering her services to promote the entertainment of Thursday last, and therefore gave*

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

This toast was received with cheers, and followed by a song by Mr. JONES,—"*Fanny dearest.*"

In reporting this toast to the company, Mr. HONE observed that, from a regard to the feelings of some of the gentlemen, and the tears of others, considering the vast exercise into which both had been called by the profusion of acclamations given already, he would dispense with the *three times three*, upon the present occasion; for, although none could be named more richly meriting such notice, yet as all were perfectly aware that Miss KEMBLE was ever attended by the *nine*, he thought so emphatic a testimonial quite a work of supererogation; but would allow the gentlemen to give as much energy as they chose to the cheers, which, of course, must not be withheld; whereupon the dancing glasses forthwith bore speedy witness that the recommendation of the President to concentrate the power of nine cheers in three, was more than met by the hearts and voices of the assembly.

By WM. LEGGETT.—*The memory of* JOHN ROWMAN DRAKE. (Drank standing.)

By JAMES LAWSON.—*The author of Thanatopsis*—WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

By DANIEL JACKSON.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

By DUNCAN C. PELL.—*The Honorable* GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, *the able advocate of the rights of authors.*

Alderman STRONG, in rising, remarked that, while he felt peculiarly gratified with the various tributes of respect which had been awarded to our native authors, he would offer a sentiment, in which he hoped all would unite.

It has been observed, said Mr. S., by a celebrated author, and the sentiment appears to have, in some degree, obtained currency, that commerce is peculiarly unfavorable to the cultivation of the more elevated intellectual attainments, and that while the liberal professions are the pioneers to success in the walks of literature, that of commerce presented an almost insuperable obstacle to eminence in the world of letters.

While I do deny, said Mr. S., that a spirit of cupidity is fatal to the cultivation of the nobler powers of the mind, and while I will, unhesitatingly, admit that an overweening desire to amass wealth has been frequently cherished, to the annihilation of the more elevated faculties of the soul, yet I cannot concur in the opinion that commercial pursuits are, in themselves, calculated to stifle the aspirations of genius, and repress the energies of a lofty literary ambition. He said he had not unfrequently met with instances in the walks of commercial life, where the most devoted attention to the duties of a merchant were joined to intellectual talents, of a high order, and where were blended, in harmonious commixture, an enlarged capacity for conducting extensively, mercantile operations, and the power to embody, with the skill of a master, the most graphic sketches of the varied imagery of nature, of the most delicate shades of individuality of character.

While I yield to no one in the respect which is justly awarded to those who like our distinguished guest, devote the whole energies of their minds to literary pursuits, as I also elevate their claims to fame by the force of their genius, I must believe that it would be beneficial to both the literary and commercial world to exhibit them as they really are, honorable competitors in the race of glory, and noble coadjutors in perpetuating their country's happiness.

While those, said Mr S., like the gentleman, in honor of whom this entertainment has been furnished, may be considered as high priests at the altar of intellect, we who follow commercial pursuits, may assume the position of humble devotees at her shrine, and may occasionally, I trust, be permitted to participate even in her holiest mysteries.

In proposing a toast, I shall embody somewhat of the ideas I have endeavored to illustrate, and trust that they will not be deemed unworthy of the attention of this company. It is peculiarly desirable that when the youth of our country are about to enter that state of probation, which precedes their commencement in business as principals, that they should not imbibe the erroneous idea that to them are denied the pleasures of elevated literary composition, of that there's is a pursuit whose pathway lies through those gloomy regions, "where genius sickens, and where fancy dies." There are hours of relaxation afforded to the most unremitting attention to the duties of the counting-house, and surely it should be the pride of those who have drank deep at the fountain of intellect, and who have tasted of those exquisite pleasures which are only found in the walks of literature, to endeavor to cure the youthful candidate for mercantile success, from the haunts of luxury and dissipation, and introduce him to those elevated delights which alone exist in the bright world of cultivated intelligence.

Sir, said Mr. S., if instances were wanting of the happy union of mercantile and literary attainments, I apprehend I need not wander from this assembly in the pursuit, and surely I do not err when I avow that he, who, like the highly gifted gentleman who presides at this festive board, and who has so eloquently expressed what we all feel in relation to our honored guest, be he who, like him, steps forth with unexampled liberality to aid in fostering native talent, and in rendering homage to the supremacy of a lofty intellect, is himself the bright example of the position I have assumed.

Many others are thus here assembled who have exhibited the same zeal in the good cause, and although I am aware that I shall transgress the limits which the modesty of my valued friend would assign, who presides with distinguished ability over the valuable literary periodical of which we, as natives of this city, all feel more, I will assert, that although he does not belong to the mercantile profession, that in this instance the mercantile calculations of his head have nobly seconded the generous impulses of his heart. I will give, Sir,

By ALDERMAN STRONG.—*Literature and commerce, the cherished offspring of our country's love—while the one is gifted with those lofty endowments which shed lustre on the footsteps of their common parent, to the other belongs the supremacy of enterprize and the thrift of industry, embellished with a portion of those intellectual graces which adorn her more favored sister.*

By A. N. LAWRENCE.—*American books and American Authors. This world acknowledges the worth of the one, and their country will protect the other.*

The President begged leave to remark that he saw a gentleman on his left, and he was glad to see him at the table, whose presence reminded him of rather an extraordinary event in his own literary pursuits. He had always felt a strong interest in the career of his countrymen in letters, and he never omitted to read any thing which appeared from them in the journals of the day. For some years he had noticed lyrical productions of a high order, and had always been desirous of learning something of their author. By chance the other day he found a volume of poems, and to his infinite delight, in this volume, he recognized those which had so often and so long given him pleasure, all united. It afforded him still more gratification when this evening he discovered, in answer to his inquiry to whom we were indebted for the excellent and appropriate ode in honor of our guest, that the author was the same to whose works he had adverted, and that author was then so near him. He recollected the praise bestowed by one of our eminent literati on a production of this bard, of whom that excellent observer remarked, "his song of the Old Oaken Bucket, will be remembered as long as water is drunk or buckets hang in wells;" and he believed every one present would so cordially agree with him, that they would feel grateful for the opportunity of filling their glasses to

The author of the Old Oaken Bucket.

The President's speech and toast were received with loud plaudits; and Mr. Woodworth delivered a few words in reply, to the following effect:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The compliment I have just received from the Chair was so totally unexpected on my part, that I feel no inconsiderable embarrassment in expressing my thanks. Rest assured, however, that I feel as I ought on the occasion, and after the custom of the evening, shall transfer the honor to a more worthy man. I beg leave, therefore, to propose as a toast—

SAMUEL H. WILLIS—*The author and the poet, now on his travels in Europe—May we one day assemble to give him a similar "welcome home."*

By J. J. ADAMS.—THOMAS A COOPER—*May the sun which is first upon us in the brilliancy of the Iliad descend with all the subdued and majestic grandeur of th Odyssey.*

The following toasts were offered by guests:

The Director of the Park Theatre, EDMUND SIMPSON.—*Our knowledge of him for more than twenty years, has entirely increased our esteem for the man, and our respect for the manager.*

WM. DUNLAP—*The historian of the American stage, and one of the earliest laborers in its literature.*

JAMES WALLACK—*His first performance of Captain Copp, is not the first evidence he has given that he knows how to do a "good turn" in the best way.*

THE REGULAR COMPANY OF THE PARK.—"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individual, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are your only men."

MRS. BARNES and MISS WARING—*The Tullia and Lucretia of Thursday evening.*

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES—*The Author of Virginius and The Hunchback.*

THE MEMORY OF WALTER SCOTT:

"*The setting of his evening sun,*
"*Was like the fading of a summer's day,*
"*That sinks through cloudless glory to repose.*"

J. R. SCOTT—*Who so generously volunteered his services to increase the attractions of the dramatic festival.*

THE PHILADELPHIA DRAMATIST.—*J. N. Barker.*

The author of Westward Ho! and the Lion of the West.

The President of the Academy of Fine Arts—Col. Trumbull.

Barrett, Placide, Hackett, and Mrs. Wheatley—*All natives of our country, and ornaments to her stage.*

MISS HUGHES—*The sweet songster and the perfect lady.*

The author of the Pastoral Opera, of the "Forest Rose" and four other successful dramas, produced on the New York Stage.

This toast was replied to in a suitable manner by Mr. Woodworth.

Numerous other toasts were given, which have not been collected.

Songs by Mr. JONES, Mr. SCOTT, and others, and recitations, (one at the request of the company by Mr. PAYNE himself,) besides various exceedingly well told stories by guests, varied the recreations of the evening. The utmost harmony prevailed and the company separated at an early hour, highly gratified.

PRESIDENT JACKSON'S PROCLAMATION.—There appears to be but one opinion respecting this document, which we regret our arrangements preclude the possibility of inserting. We give below an extract from it, brief but comprehensive. We meddle not with politics, but we have perused this instrument with the most unqualified pleasure; fully believing, that its tendency will be to arrest the fearful march of disunion and anarchy, which so reasonably excited the fears of the honest and patriotic. "The Union must and shall be preserved" is the motto. We rally round the banner on which it is inscribed, and fervently hope—nay, religiously believe, it will victoriously and without violence, be graced with unqualified triumph. All good men, all patriots, all those who survey our beloved country in its unparralleled prosperity and intellectual grandeur, must feel as we do. The disunionists, if they are not really mad, must now awaken from their distempered dreams, and perceive the necessity, nay the policy of acquiescence to the constitutional laws, emanating from a federal government, in the organization of which they assisted, and in whose provisions they fully concurred.

"I consider then the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one State, *Incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed.*"

JOHN J. SKINNER, Esq. Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. It affords us unfeigned pleasure to state that an exceeding handsome compliment is about to be paid this gentleman, by the friends of the Turf generally, in New York, Virginia, South Carolina, and three or four other states, in the shape of a *Service of plate*, for the purchase of which nearly 1000 dollars have already been subscribed. It is to be superbly embellished with suitable devises and inscriptions, and executed under the direction of our friend Gen. Gibson, of Washington, and Col. Heath, President of the Maryland Jockey Club, who have kindly consented to receive the offerings of contributors, in the several states, for the attainment of this object. We congratulate Mr. S. most cordially in this gratifying proof of the respect and good feeling extended towards himself, by our sporting friends throughout the Union, pledge him the assurance of our best wishes for his continued success and usefulness. "May he live a thousand years."

ERRATA.—In our last, the article headed "Skeletons," from an esteemed correspondent, was rendered, in some respects, nonsense. In the second line, for "pleasures of honor," read "pleasures of horror."—In the sixth line, for "Virgil of St. Mark," read "Virgil of St. Mark." In the second paragraph, 15th line, the word "neither" should have been printed "gathered." We hope, in future, to avoid a recurrence of these perplexing and mortifying errors.

The suggestion of our friend *S. C. Stevens, Esq.* is a good one we shall forthwith adopt it.

Literary Notices.

The NEW YORK MIRROR, of this week is entirely original; and what is better, it is all good—something of a really superior order; and in addition to the literary contents, there is a beautiful illustrative engraving, done in *Smillies'* best style, from one of *Weir's* interesting sketches. It is a view of a scene on the Hudson, with which some of the most touching recollections of the history of that noble river are associated. It is one of the characteristics of this miscellany, which a highly gifted Philadelphia contemporary so aptly terms "a truly national work" to give interest to every thing relating to our country, either in scenery or literature, of both of which it is one of the best existing illustrations. We are sorry for the necessity which has forced

Lillie Waite & Coleman

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Sporting Varieties.

PRICES OF BLOOD HORSES.

Old *Eclipse*, in his 18th year, who, before his race with *Sir Henry*, was offered at $2,500, has lately been sold to a company in Maryland, by Capt. J. J. Harrison, of Diamond Grove, Va. for $9,000!

Tychicus, winner of the two mile day at Baltimore, and more recently against Annette at the Tree Hill Fall Meeting, commanded for his owner the opportunity of refusing $3,000.

Mr. Livingston has refused for *Terror*, full brother to Black Maria, a three year old that has never made a track, $4,000, upon the nail.

Goliah was bought by Col. Johnson, for the *trifle* of $4,500.

Mr. Craig gives $2,000 *for the half of Bonnets o' Blue*, when she trains off.

Mr. Botts was offered and refused $5,000 *a year* for the use of *Gohanna*, for four years! and has given Mr. Garrison $3,000 for his b. f. *Huma*, by Gohanna.

Major Hunt, of Norfolk, gave $2,500 for *Eliza Drake*, after the races at Jackson, N. C.

Edward Parker, Esq. of Lancaster, Pa. has given $3,000 for *Iphiclus*, and changed his name to *Veto*.

Dr. Minge sold his stud, consisting of ten brood mares, colts, &c. for $7,425! of which one Arabian stud brought $1,255, and another stud $1,100, at auction!

Ten thousand shiners have been refused for *Andrew*, since his accident at Lancaster.

Mary Randolph has won this year about $6,000, and is held at $7,500!

A good many others might be named, who have *brought the pewter* but we have not space this week to enumerate them. Our farmers, and those who have begun to turn their attention to the breeding of fine horses, will see by the above, as Sam Patch used to say, that "some things can be done as well as other things."

NAMING HORSES.

Mr. Skinner states in his Magazine for this month, that owing to the inconvenience and absolute public mischief growing out of the foolish practice of naming one horse after another, he has determined to adopt the advice of judicious and impartial correspondents, and accordingly announces that "no horse will be in any manner registered or noticed in his work, under any name which is, or has been in America, borne by any other horse."

We agree most heartily in this determination of Mr. S., and think it will meet the cordial acceptance of our sporting friends generally; for "scarcely a pedigree is offered to be recorded, that, if traced back a few generations, does not call for some horse or mare, by a name that has belonged to half a dozen individuals."

A correspondent of the Register in Kentucky, writes to the Editor:—"Say to Col. Johnson, as he is a senior brother, I will give place to him with due deference, and yield to his colt, by *Sir Archy*, the name of my colt, *Herr Cline*, by *Arab*, though my colt was named before his; and by your permission, I will call *Lady Touson's* last produce—JOHN SKINNER!"

To this unequivocal compliment, Mr. Skinner makes a felicitous rejoinder, and adds, that he consents to the proposed christening the more readily, "as whatever may be its performances, it is not likely that any one else will be tempted to violate the rule, laid down above, by such an odd cognomen for a horse as *John Skinner*."

EXPLOITS OF "BILLY LONG."—This Pennsylvania rifleman of the "old school," residing in Jefferson Co. in that state, is a relict of those Backwoodsmen whose exploits as related by Cooper, Flint, Hull, and others, have excited so general and deep an interest. It it stated in the Bellefonte Patriot that "during the last hunting season, 165 deers, 5 elks, 28 bears, and 14 wolves," bore testimony to his proud and unerring skill in the use of the rifle.

The Patriot adds, "one of the elks weighed 700lbs." and gives us the following mode o taking this animal in Jefferson Co. "Chase him with dogs until he becomes greatly fatigued, when he stops, chooses an advantageous position, and stands at bay, while the cautious huntsman approaches, and leavelling his deadly rifle, soon lays him low on the ground."

FOOT RACE;—*Perrit vs. Miller.* The Richmond Whig of the 10th inst. says that "the Foot Race at Tree Hill on Saturday, was won by Mr. Perrit, by about three feet." If we do not mistake, this is the same man who at the late Fall Meeting at our Union Course offered to run against time, for a large sum, or to run a half distance of an hundred rods with Black Maria, or "any horse, mare or gelding" on, the course.—"No takers;" the Yorkers were "not so green."

The Whig adds, "by a notice in our paper of today, it will be seen, that another Foot Race has been made to be run at Fairfield to-morrow, between Mr. Perrit, believed to be the fairest runner in the United States, and Mr. Miller, who has never been beaten. The peculiar novelty of this race will be, that Perrit is to run with his hands tied before him. We learn that the distance to be run is one hundred yards, and we are requested to say that there will be no charge at the gate for admittance."

The match spoken of above is for *twenty four hundred dollars*, and doubtless will be a *screamer*." We shall give the result in our next.

Andrew is still at Fairfield, Va. not having recovered sufficiently to travel home, on the 15th inst. Col. Johnson has informed Gov. Richardson of his condition, and that he will pay forfeit, in order to give Governor R. the opportunity of running *Bertrand, Jr.* elsewhere. Our friends at Columbia, S. C. where Col. J. had consented to run the match, will, we fear, be deprived of one great attraction; but Mr. Skinner says their resources are always ample, for all that is worthy of admiration on the Turf and in the social circle.

COLUMBIA, S. C. RACES.—The Columbia Jockey Club Races, on the Columbia Turf, will take place on Tuesday, the 20th of January next, and continue four days.

1st day 4 mile heats, } Free for all horses.
2d " 4 " " }
3d " 5 " " free for colts and fillies.
4th " a Handicap race for the entrance money of the previous days, and the gate money—(three mile heats, free only for such horses as have been run for one of the purses.)

1st day's purse 600 dollars.
2d " " 450 "
3d " " 300 "

Mares and gelding allowed three lbs.

Aged horses will carry	126 lbs.
6 years old " "	120
5 " " "	112
4 " " "	102
3 " " "	92
2 " " "	a feather.

☞ The *Match* Race between Little Venus and Bonnets o' Blue, and Bertrand, Jr. and Andrew, for $10,000 each, will be run on this Turf on the 23d and 24th of January, 1833

By order of the Club,
R. RAMSAY, Sec. and Treas.
Dec. 13, 1835.

New-York Police.

Anthony Wright was charged with disturbing the peace, and creating divers sensations among the maids, wives and widows, of a certain part of the city, by the peculiar novelty of his costume, which consisted of about two thirds of a pair of breeches, and a superannuated petticoat, worn tunic fashion, but which from the variety of its tints bore a more striking resemblance to a Scotchman's tartan.

Justice.—Mr. Antony Wright! I must confess you cut a very interesting figure this morning—pray what may be your occupation?

Prisoner.—A collector of trifles, your worship.

Justice.—What?—an antiquary?

Prisoner.—Yes, your worship, at least I deal in *old rags*?

Justice.—The fashion of your wardrobe however, appears to be perfectly original.

Prisoner.—That's all owing to my wife and the pawn broker, your honor.

Justice.—And no doubt the brandy shop, on *occasions*.

Prisoner.—As I am a sinner—no; for barring a glass or so yesterday, to make up for the deficiences of my breeches, in keeping out the cold. I hav'nt tasted a drop of any thing but beer since Sunday—but to tell the truth your worship, Sally, (that's my wife,) persuaded me I was sick, and advised me to lie quiet in the bed for a day or two, and (having always made it a rule to obey her, when our opinions happen to agree,) I did it to *oblige* her. Then what—should her ladyship do, but get a lover she had *on the sly* these six years, to take every pinsworth in the room, but these old coverlugs about me, to the pawnbrokers' and so while I was lying fast asleep, as innocent as a new-born infant, the pair of them went off to get drunk with the money. However, your worship, I have one comfort to brag of—its nothing new—and me and Sally, after I've settled accounts with her, will be the best friends in the world again next week.

Justice.—Well Tory—we can only fine you for being drunk, since in the matter of the small clothes, it appears you are a "man more sinned against, than sinning."

Prisoner.—And your worship, as to the other matter, I was as sober as a Judge; but the constable seeing me crying, naturally thought I had a "drop in my eye," and so he brought me here.

Justice.—Suppose I let you go free, what security can you give of your future good conduct?

Prisoner.—The security of a gentleman, your worship—I'll pledge you my word and honor.

Justice.—Well as Sally has left you nothing else to pledge, I suppose we must be satisfied. Let him go.

The prisoner was discharged.

A fraternity of snobs, who had late at night left their *lasts* to spend their *alls*, happened to congregate in a porter house in Cherry-street for the purpose of making merry on the eve of Thanksgiving. Being mechanically addicted to the manufacture of noise, they struck upon a key rather higher than was in keeping with the watchman's feelings, who by virtue of the authority in him vested officially recommended them to be still. This being considered as a *Barr* to their privileges, was opposed by *Joshua* who "commanded the sun and moon to stand still," until he and his comrades, should teach such uncircumcised Philistines, better manners. The guardian of the peace however, by dint of a little stick which he carried, aided by a few other of the birds of night, held the gentlemen easy, until they were snugged in the watch house where they emerged this morning to hear of perpetrated songs, ejaculated oaths, annihilated windows, and other aperies of greatness. Watche swore hard, and the gemmen were nonplussed. One gave bail, and moved off after paying four and sixpence: the others not being blessed with friends or money at hand submitted to the lock up system, until the day star of friendship should dawn upon their prison homes.

A young cockney, who had floated in safety across the Atlantic to our goodly Gotham, for want of better employment, and to teach the Yankees a thing or two, went leisurely to work, and borrowed, without the owner's consent, sundry coats, cloaks, watches and other articles, suddenly found himself respectfully accommodated with lodgings in the Bridewell free of charges, out of regard to his pedigree, and blood. He talks with much sang froid of his adventures.

A white woman, of short stature, and head muffled up in a cloak, which was with difficulty taken from her face, was brought up charged by her husband, with having too great a predilection for *gemmen of color*, in whose society she was the last night found, as also in other repeated instances. The husband not relishing this perversion of taste, swore hard against his rib, whose tears and cries did not shield her from a sentence of sixty days to the penitentiary. The Othello lover, also had the privilege of being locked up for the present, until he could divest himself of his partiality for white ladies, and their bewitching conversation.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES.—It affords us pleasure to state the proposals of Messrs. Allen and Tickner of Boston, to republish in this country *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and the *London New Monthly*, is receiving from the literary and liberal of this city, that patronage the undertaking so eminently merits. Subscriptions are received by Mr. PRICE, who is now canvassing the city for that purpose, or at the Bookstore of Peter Hill in Broadway.

The Treasurer of the "College of Pharmacy of the City of New York," gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following donations, for the purpose of purchasing Chemical Apparatus, Specimens, &c. for the use of the Institution, by the hands of J. Smyth Rogers, and Mr. Oliver Hull:

Lawrence, Keese, & Co.	$25 00
Place & Soullard,	25 00
J. & A. & W. B. Post,	20 00
W. N & E. Clark,	20 00
H. H. Schieffelin,	20 00
Oliver Hull,	20 00
Haviland, Keese, & Co.	20 00
Prall & Ray,	10 00
John M. Bradhurst,	10 00
Silas Carle, & Nephew,	10 00
J. & W. Penfold,	10 00
Joseph H. Durvee,	10 00
Lindley Murray,	10 00
H. & R. Haydock,	10 00
B. P. Blachley,	10 00
D. & W. Green,	10 00
Rushton & Aspinwall,	10 00
J. & W. Townsend,	10 00
George D. Cogeshall,	10 00
N. B. Graham,	10 00
J. Milhau,	10 00
Hendricks U. Levy,	10 00
Adamson & Oliff,	10 00
M. C. Slocum,	10 00
Jas. H. Hart,	10 00
Total	$330 00

By order,
JAMES C. HAVILAND, Treasurer.

"And where he shoots a duck will find a plover."
Mr. J. ADAMS' new Poem.

Some young gentlemen near Lynchburg, lately treed and killed an Opposum, which afterwards turned out to be a Panther.—*Camden Journal.*

The Drama.

THE HUNCHBACK is out from Peabody and Co. We witnessed its representation, and delighted as we were with the truly inimitable personation of Julia by Miss Kemble, were in some respects disappointed. The reading however, has dispelled the mists which hung over our judgment, and leaves us in the unclouded enjoyment of a work, creditable to any age. We always entertained a high idea of Mr Knowles' ability in the dramatic walk, and this his last effort, we conceive to be his happiest. There is a strong vein of originality pervading it, and where imitation is at all obvious, a great degree of Shakspearean skill is manifest in the selection and embodying. The chief objection we entertained at first was the suddenness of Master Walter's arrangement with Sir Thomas, and the apparently preconceived idea of Sir Thomas that such a proposition would be made and acceded to: we still view this as a defect. The character of Julia has no parallel. None but a master hand could have drawn such a picture, in its varied and constantly fleeting shades—from the simple country girl, unpretendingly rich in lore, to the gay and delighted belle—the rebuked mistress—the high-minded and exasperated woman, at the shrine of injured pride, sacrificing her person and happiness—the penitent, manifesting the depth, the intensity of her love, by a determination to forego her promise, title, wealth, and all, for the lover who rebuked her—he, deprived of rank and fortune, and standing before her, the humble secretary of her titled suitor—the closing scene where she magnanimously agrees to fulfil her pledge to the expecting Earl—all is worked up in a manner which we think unequalled—constantly presenting a new aspect, and each strictly in accordance with truth and nature. Helen is another admirably drawn character: indeed all are in excellent keeping—even Sir Thomas Clifford, who at the first blush, appears too soon, and too doggedly to assume, or don the menial. The plot hurries on, and conducts us to a catastrophe beautifully conceived and exciting the most thrilling interest. We offer no extracts for want of room; but advise every admirer of genius in this difficult department of the muse, to possess themselves of a copy of the work.

Some public discussion having taken place as to the reason why Mr. Kemble and his daughter have not been engaged by the manager of the Theatre in Boston, and some allusion having made by a writer in this paper, we copy the subjoined paragraph from the Traveller and Times newspaper of this city, as throwing light upon the matter.—*New York Evening Post.*

"When are to have the Kembles," inquires the Editor of the Boston Morning Post.

Answer. When the Manager of the Tremont consents to pay them one half of the receipts of the house during the engagement, and to play some three weeks after, to a "beggarly account of empty boxes."

Our reply to the enquiry of the Morning Post requires a little explanation, to throw a proper "light upon the subject," we should have added that the Kembles, on the presumption that tickets would be sold at auction, required one half of the premium, as well as one half of the regular receipts of the house; and further, that Messrs. BARRETT and DANA, who are the lessees of the Federal street theatre, should close that house during their engagement.

MR. RAYMOND.—The Boston Morning Post says that *Mr. Raymond* played *William Tell* last evening, in a manner that evinced much power and talent. His person is elegant, voice forcible and agreeable, and action graceful. We see no obstacle to his reaching the highest rank in his profession."

NEW YORK CITIZEN.—Two articles in our last paper were copied from this sheet without the customary credit, having been accidentally overlooked. The "best part of a Tailor," and "a Comet in the West," are those referred to; and the editors of that paper will ascribe our seeming want of courtesy to the reason before given.

☞ *We have a rod in pickle for some "knights of the quill" in Baltimore. The length of the Payne Dinner necessarily excludes several other articles prepared for this week.*

The first number of the "Saturday Magazine," a spirited quarto, made its appearance this morning.

"PUBLIC OPINION."

Our contemporaries have given us so much more credit in the following notices, than we could ever hoped to have *deserved*, that our modesty is well nigh put to the blush, but then "it's all a way we've got,"—and as their "expressions of opinion" cost them nothing, but a fear of contradiction, we shall not hesitate to make the most of them. In accordance with the "Spirit of the Times," should any of them see fit to enjoy the pleasure, for a season of a "Life in New York," we beg leave to state that we "keep constantly on hand," a rare supply of "*Porter*" and "*Adam's*" "Ale," where with to "make merry with our friends," and being each a "Traveller" we shall not fail to "*Hunt*" up some choice delecacies to meet their wishes and hearty acceptance.

From the N. Y. Republican Banner.

THE NEW YORK TRAVELLER, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—These two papers have united; the publisher of the Times having disposed of his establishment to Messrs. Hunt & Adams, the proprietors of the Traveller. The fruit of this union is christened "The Traveller: Spirit of the Times, and Life in New York." Their subscribers may deem this event peculiarly fortunate, as it will concentrate the editorial talent of both the former papers, with the valuable addition of Mr. William T. Porter. In typographical execution and general excellence, it is unquestionably superior to any other weekly publication in the United States. To the sportsman it is invaluable—to the traveller, a pleasing guide, and to the low-spirited an infallible restorative: let the hypochondriac eschew quack medicines—subscribe for the Traveller and Times, and if he does not recover in six months, "he is past cure in this world," and must look for consolation elsewhere. The price is $3 per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions will be cheerfully received at the office of this paper.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE TRAVELLER AND TIMES.—This is the name of a weekly folio newspaper published in this city. The compound title is derived from the fact that two separate establishments—that of the New York Traveller, and the Spirit of the Times—have recently been united. We have a number of that paper before us. It is conducted by Messrs. Hunt & Adams, and is well filled with articles on various subjects, some of them of an exceedingly interesting and attractive nature.

From the New York Standard.

An union, or "unition," as our informant calls it, has taken place between two of our weekly papers—the "Traveller" and the "Times." "In union is strength," says the old adage. We hope that the united proprietors may have no reason to complain of the times, and travel along together in harmony and prosperity as long as it suits their convenience.

From Porter's Family Journal, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGE OF PAPERS.—The practice of intermarriage between periodicals has become quite fashionable of late. We recently had the pleasure of recording our own nuptials. Like a true "*Whig*," having seen our image reflected in a "*Mirror*," we determined on remaining at home in our own "*Family*." With a pleasure scarcely inferior, we have now to announce the matrimonial union of a New York "*Traveller*" with a certain "*Spirit of the Times*," and they are now enjoying "Life in New York," on a splendid scale of Health and happiness to the parties. We should like to meet with our friend Porter; he is a choice "spirit," and in editorial "travelling," is distinguished among his contemporaries for the point and raciness of his wit—the native purity and sparkling of his humor—the liberal comprehensiveness of his views, but above all, for his great good nature. "Let the union be preserved," and with the talent which it now embodies, we predict for it ample and complete success.

From the Boston Daily Evening Transcript.

NEWSPAPORIAL.—Those very clever weekly papers, the "New York Traveller," and the "Spirit of the Times," have been united, and will hereafter be published under the joint title. This connexion will be mutually advantageous to proprietors and subscribers. The industry and intelligence formerly exhibited by each, will be more prominent, now that they are concentrated in one interest. We hope that no one will attempt to "nullify the union."

From The Courier, Sackets' Harbor, N. Y.

COALITION! COALITION!!—Married, in the city of New York, on the 1st instant, Mr. "New York Traveller" to the beautiful and accomplished Miss "Spirit of the Times and Life in New York." Mr. Traveller was the very promising *adopted* son of Mr. Freeman Hunt, formerly known as the editor of the Jackson Republican, and publisher of the Ladies Magazine, Boston, Mass. Miss "Spirit of the Times,"—what shall we say of the "dear, affecshunit eratur!" was the cutiful and esteemed daughter of Messrs. Porter & Howe, and had gained the friendship and high esteem of an extensive circle of acquaintances, whom she was ever ready to amuse with her innocent sports. On the whole the union is a most felicitous one, and may be looked to by the musical and magnitory world, for very many benefits. Our old chum, Porter, is the conductor of the sporting department, and is abundantly able to cook up rare dishes of fun for the "laughing community."

From the Lowell, Mass.) Compend.

THE NEW YORK TRAVELLER must go now, for he has backed a race-horse. In plain English, the proprietors of the Traveller have purchased the Spirit of the Times; and over the figure head of the latter, stands the name of the Traveller. The former editor of the Times, Mr. *Porter* will continue to *carry* the Sporting department. One of the proprietors of the Traveller will *Hunt* up the literary, and news department, the other in a printer's capacity will *add* to the mechanical execution.

From the Saturday Bulletin, Philadelphia.

The New York Traveller and Spirit of the Times, two popular and well conducted papers, were last week united, and appeared in a beautiful dress, highly creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Hunt & Adams.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The proprietors of the New York Traveller having purchased from Mr James D. Armstrong, the copyright of the above paper, respectfully announce that they will issue it on the accustomed day, conjunctively with the Traveller. The union of the two papers will, it is hoped, afford satisfaction to each. It is the determination of the proprietors to furnish, with zealous industry, a print acceptable to all, without losing sight of the features by which each, thus amalgamated, are characterised. Mr. Porter, the former proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, is engaged, and will render his valuable aid in his peculiar department. Other arrangements have been made which will, it is trusted, tend to place the paper, in its conjoined character, on a footing of inviting respectability.
HUNT & ADAMS, 20 Nassau-st.

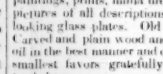
N. B Subscribers and advertisers to the "Spirit o the Times" will please take notice that all dues must be paid to the proprietors of the Traveller, or their authorised agents. d1

NOTICE of application for the exemption of a debtor's person from imprisonment, pursuant to the provisions of the fifth article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the revised statutes. Notice first published December 12, 1832. Creditors to appear before the Hon. Richard Riker, Recorder of the city of New York, at his office, in the City Hall, of the city of New York, on the 28th day of February next, 1833, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. dec15

NEW LOOKING GLASS PORTRAIT, AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a store 568 Pearl street, four doors from Broadway, where he intends to carry on the Burnish and Oil Gilding, such as framing portraits, paintings, prints, miniatures, ladies needle work and pictures of all descriptions. New frames made for looking glass plates. Old frames regilt and cleaned. Carved and plain wood and metal of all kinds, gilt in oil in the best manner and on reasonable terms. The smallest favors gratefully received and promptly attended to.
Ship Gilding parts ularly attended to.
dec. 15 JOSEPH CABOT 568 Pearl-st.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec8

NEW-YORK AND ALBANY.
NORTH RIVER STEAM BOAT LINE
For a the foot of Barclay Street.

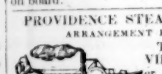


THE low pressure steam boat, *NEW PHILADELPHIA*, Capt. G. E. Seymour, leaves New-York every Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock P. M. and Albany every Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 o'clock P. M. Leaves Albany Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For passage, apply on board, or at the Office foot of Barclay st. dec15

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
For Newport and Providence.
Arrangements for December—Fare $8 and Found.

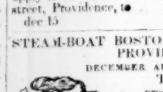
THE splendid steam-ship PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave the foot of Cortlandt street, North river, Leaves New York at 4 o'clock, Friday, December 7; Wednesday, 12; Monday, 17; Friday, 21; Wednesday, 26; Monday, 31. Leaves Providence, 12 o'clock, Monday, December 10; Friday, 14; Wednesday, 19; Monday 24; Friday, 28. For further information, apply at the office No. 14 Broad street, or to the Capt. on board. dec15

PROVIDENCE STEAM-BOAT COMPANY.
ARRANGEMENT FOR DECEMBER.



THE new steam-boat PROVIDENCE, Capt Seth Thayer, will leave New York as follows—Leaves Providence on Thursday December 13; Tuesday 17; Saturday 3; Thursday 27. Leaves New York Saturday Dec. 15; Thursday 20; Tuesday 25; Saturday 29. This boat has two heavy copper boilers, and a low pressure engine; and has been built under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Thayer. For freight or passage, apply to the master on board, or at 26 South Water street, Providence, I
dec 15 PETER F. EWER.

STEAM-BOAT BOSTON—FOR NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE
DECEMBER ARRANGEMENT.



THE new & splendid low pressure steam-boat BOSTON Captain Wm. Comstock, will leave the foot of Fulton street, East river, for Newport and Providence, as follows—Leaves New York Thursday December 13; Tuesday 18; Saturday 22; Thursday 27. Leaves Providence Saturday December 15; Thursday 20; Tuesday 25; Saturday 29. dec15

PATENT PORTABLE FILTER. Joseph Pushee, Sole Patentee. 4 1-2 Wall-street, near Broadway, New-York. The Patentee respectfully solicits the attention of the Inhabitants of this populous city, to an article of such general utility, and in so doing feels confident, that the merits of his invention when thoroughly known, will meet with the approbation of a discerning public. The PATENT FILTER possesses the advantage of purifying, and rendering chrystal, the most stagnant water, and forms an indispensible addition *to all well regulated Establishments*. Spring or Pump Water has hitherto been used and preferred, principally on account of its brilliancy; but numerous medical authorities pronounce it injurious to health inasmuch as it generally holds in solution, various earthly and metalic substances. But all authors, ancient and modern, have concurred in pronouncing, rain or river water, *provided it be pure*, as the best adapted to the human constitution. That the rain water which is collected in wells or cisterns, and the river water with which the city is partially supplied, are both destitute of this indispensible essential, the Patentee has not only has own, but medical and chemical knowledge for stating. He is also aware of a fact which the public in all probability are not, viz. That ruin or river water collected into wells, or cisterns, contains not only myriads of Animucule, but also an admixture of decayed vegitable and animal matter. The PATENT FILTER completely and effectually frays the most turbid and stagnant water not only from those, but all deleterious earthy matter, and impurities. The PATENT FILTER may be had at Mr. W. VANE'S 184 Fulton-street, near Broadway, and of the Patentee, 4 1-2 Wall-street, at such places orders, post paid, containing a remittance, will meet with due attention. The Prices are from $8 to $20 each—and for cash only.
N. B. Filtering Machines repaired.

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE, wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1, Maiden lane, near Broadway, New York. Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing: single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks, of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Nickel Leads; Bird Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Flonts, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenchers and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collers of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights, Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. dec15

Amusements.

PEALE'S MUSEUM
AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE PARK.

THE Kendall's are engaged for a short time to delight the company with their exquisite perfomance on the Harp, French Horn, and improved French Flageolet during the evening.

Among the numerous additions to the collection, is a large living camelion, from the Mediterranean.

The Anaconda, or Great Serpent of Bengal is still in fine health and perfectly docile, and is rapidly increasing in size. He is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he crushes to death in his folds—and afterwards swallows whole.

This unrivalled establishment has, during the past season, undergone many alterations and improvements, and numerous additions are constantly making in every department.

The Royal Tigress, which fought with and killed the Lion in the Tower of London, and having died in this city, has been mounted in a very superior manner and has been added to the collection. This specimen alone is the admiration of every visitor, and is allowed to represent the living animal much nearer than any thing of the kind ever exhibited.

The Working Model of the Novelty (steam carriage) lately exhibited at Niblo's Garden is deposited for a short time in the Museum.

Among the Paintings, may be particularly noticed, a full length Portrait of Napoleon by Lefevre—Vanderlyn's celebrated Cains Marius—Magdalen, by Le Le Brun. The Egyptian mummy, which was received direct from Thebes, is one of the greatest curiosities of an antiquity. The Cosmorama is greatly improved

Admittance 25 cents—children 12 1-2. Season tickets to be had at the Museum on moderate terms.
oct 18

AMERICAN MUSEUM,
Marble Building, Broadway, opposite St Paul's Church.

THIS splendid and extensive establishment still continues open for the gratification of the citizen and stranger; it contains the largest collection of curiosities in the United States and is daily increasing by the same unwearied exertions that for upwards of wenty years have been brought to its present immense extent, embracing in Natural History and the arts all that could be procured worthy of exhibition. It now consists of four large saloons, each upwards of one hundred feet in length, the first contains a rare and valuable collection of Birds; the second the largest collection of Animals and Fish in America; the third contains a case with the Sea Lion and other monsters of the great deep, besides an immense collection of shells, minerals, fossils, war implements, &c. of the Feegee, Sandwich and other nations, waxwork and the Egyptian Mummy, 3000 years old; the fourth containing the grand Cosmora, which is now set with 59 views of different parts of the world, and still continues to elicit universal admiration.

Mr. NOOSER, who last year gave entire satisfaction by his musical talents is again engaged. His performance on the clarionet is very fine and is accompanied by his two little boys, whose performance on the violin is truly astonishing.

Admittance 25 cents; children half price.
june 7 tf

HARP.

H. J. TRUST (pupil of N. C. BOCHSA,) tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer:—CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton; JOHN M'TAVISH, Esq. of Baltimore; John Delafield, Esq. of New York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq. of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. H. J. T. also gives Instructions on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Soirees and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at 52 Howard st. near Broadway. nov 10 6m

WATERING PLACE,
No. 11 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have completed their Pin Alley, on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit.
june 7. tf J. CAIN & CO.

STAMMERING.

AND all other Impediments of Speech corrected and cured by Mr. KING, Professor of Elocution—Institution No. 7 Barclay street, New York—removed from No. 78 Murray street. As Mr. King's stay in the country is limited, application must be made before this first of November next. Mr. K. will not expect to be remunerated until the pupil shall be satisfied.

Recommendation.—We cheerfully recommend Mr. King to the public as fully competent to correct Stammering and other impediments of speech, having witnessed the effects of his instruction. We have known Mr King for several years as a successful teacher of Elocution. The original of the above is in the possession of Mr. King, signed by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, William Forrest, Esq. Rev. William Ware. I unite in the foregoing recommendation,
JOHN GRISCOM.

☞ As Mr. King has laboured as cheerfully and a greater number of hours for those who could not as for those who could pay, he takes the liberty of soliciting editors out of the city to give this a passing notice
may 24 tf

MR. BOSTWICK'S terms for operation on the Teeth:

Teeth stopped with gold, if but one,	$4 00
If more than one, each stopping,	3 00
Set of teeth cleaned,	4 00
Teeth extracted, each tooth,	1 00
Children's do do	50
Teeth separated, each space,	1 00
Natural Teeth, each	10 00

The public are most respectfully referred to Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers, 14 Courtland; Dr. Valentine Mott, in Park Place, and Dr. Cheeseman, 372 Broadway, for any information desired, respecting his profession.
☞ Office, No. 18 Broadway. Nov. 24.

J. L. Clark,

EXCHANGE & LOTTERY BROKER, 168 *Broadway.*—The above establishment has now been some time in operation, frequently experiencing the many inconveniences that strangers are subject to in transacting their business in this place: often in want of the convenience of a writing apparatus and the means of ascertaining the different locations which they may be in pursuit of about the city and vicinity, I again renew my solicitation to my friends in the country with a general invitation to consider themselves at home with me while they remain in the city. All the city papers, together with most of the New England and the principal Southern and Western, and a fair assortment of foreign papers, are conveniently arranged for the accommodation of the public. Any negociations, or any business that may fall in the line of a Stock and Exchange Broker, will be attended to with fidelity.

Tickets in Yates & M'Intyre's Lotteries always on hand and for sale. On Wednesday next, April 25, will be drawn Class 12, New-York Consolidated Lottery, one of Yates & M'Intyre's—new scheme, and may be appropriately named his "ever successful," in consequence of the many prizes we have distributed from lotteries of a similar magnitude. Capitals—$13500; 3000; 1086; 10 of 1000; 10 of 400; 10 of $200, &c. Tickets $4, halves 2, quarters 1—for sale at the old established
168 *Broadway, 4 doors below Maiden lane*
J. L. CLARK'S.

P. S. It will be recollected by our friends in the country, that we have sent three of four Capitals among them within a very short time.
apr 19 tf

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STARLEVN'S, 253 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and blk Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and latest patterns. A large assortment of French Calicoes; gentlemen and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment Fancy Shawls. Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods. Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

HENRY BAILEY, No. 15 Court Street, Boston, has constantly on hand a great variety of Hatters Furs, Trimmings, Buffalo Robes, &c.—also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gloves of all sizes and colors, at the lowest cash prices. mar 1 tf

H. VAN DEWATER, SALE & EXCHANGE STABLE, 164 Washing on street, where he keeps constantly on hand a supply of first-rate HORSES, for sale. N. B. Horses kept at Livery. dec8

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec8 6m

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

Valuable Books.

DECEMBER 1st. THE PIRATE, Revised Edition, in 1 vol, of the New Monthly issue of the Waverly Novels, is this day published by S. H. PARKER, 164 Washington street, Boston, where subscribers will please call or send for their books—subscription price 75 cts per vol for the series.
☞ The Fortune of Nigel is in press, and by Charles S. Francis in Broadway, N. Y. dec. 15.

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an explanation of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their various exceptions carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, will adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.

"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of all literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities for writing and speaking are only occasions for men to display their unfitness to write and to speak." For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15.

HISTORY OF THE U. STATES,
IN FRENCH.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—with questions for the examination of

Popular Houses.

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits: and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.

nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

NIBLO'S HOTEL, 112 Broadway, OPPOSITE THE CITY HOTEL.

—The extensive establishment, being now complete and in order; the proprietor long known to the public, gives notice that he is now prepared for company. d1

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL,
142 *Broadway and Liberty streets.*

THE subscriber respectfully announces that Congress Hall is now open and that he will be able to redeem the pledge which he gave to the public in March last, by opening for the accommodation of merchants, private families, and guests in general, this spacious house (belonging to the estate of the late James Anderson, Esq.) which has been fitted up in superior style for a Hotel of the first class. The arrangement, completion, and furnishing of its numerous apartments, have been governed by a liberal regard for the same convenience and enjoyment of the guests; and the same principal will at all times regulate the conduct of the subscriber and his assistants in its arrangement. Its situation is in the most attractive part of Broadway, at a short distance from the principal places of amusement on the one hand, and within a few steps of the centre of mercantile business on the other, and enjoying a free circulation of air so desirable to persons accustomed to the fresh atmosphere of the country, combines all the advantages, while it is subject to none of the causes of complaint which would be incidental to a house of entertainment located in the narrow and confined streets of the commercial parts of the city.

The subscriber observes that during his summer attendance at the Catskill Mountain House, a mother person has applied the name of Congress Hall to the house in Broadway lately known as the National Hotel, whether through ignorance of the subscribers intentions, so long, and in so many ways before the public, or for a cause less justifiable, he will not presume to determine; but he takes occasion to remark that having early in March last, announced this as the name of the house which he intended to establish; and having sent to Europe at a great expense for plate, cutlery, &c. marked "Congress Hall," he cannot consistently or conveniently adopt another name. It is not therefore, with feelings of hostility towards his neighbor or with a wish to injure him, but from necessity, that he has determined to retain the name fixed on at first; and he wishes the public to understand that the name of the establishment affixed at the head of this advertisement is the CONGRESS HALL formerly announced by him; but that to distinguish it as far as practicable from that of his neighbor, it will be known as WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.

The subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their very liberal support of the Pearl st. and Catskill Mountain House, and indulges a confident hope, that if every advantages which a place of fashionable entertainment can boast in situation and interior comfort, in connexion with prompt attention and long experience as the part of the entertainer, may secure a continuance of patronage, these advantages will be found, and that I strange bestowed, at his new establishment.

oct 18 CHARLES H. WEBB.

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends* N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.

june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,
Corner of Bayard Street and the Bowery.

THE undersigned has recently taken this spacious, airy and commodious establishment, and being newly painted and repaired throughout in elegant style, is now in every respect equal to the first hotels in the city, state or union. The location is elevated, healthy and pleasant, and but five minutes walk from the City Hall. The table and the bar are furnished with their appropriate accompaniments, and of a quality calculated to gratify the taste of the most fastidious epicure. The Eastern, or Boston Mail Coach leaves this establishment every morning, and carriages run to and from Wall st. every fifteen minutes. Suffice it to say, that no effort on the subscribers part shall be wanting to deserve the patronage he would most courteously solicit from the gentlemen of leisure, business or, pleasure.

1y P. B. WALKER.

Tremont Restorator,
Tudor's Buildings, Court Street, Boston. Mass

JOHN E. HUNT, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friends and the public, for their liberal patronage during the past season. The experiment of a *genteel retreat* for refreshments on a plan of the Southern cities, he is gratified to state, has been now successfully tried. The rooms and apartments have been now extensively enlarged, a News Room and Supper Room and several additional small rooms have been added, which will enable the proprietor to furnish Suppers, Game, and Wines, to parties, fire-companies and clubs, in first style, at short notice.

J. E. H. feels confident but this improvements will meet with the approbation of the public. His larder will continue to be supplied with the best produce of the market, and his wines have been procured from the best stock in the city. The decorum, propriety and style of his establishment having secured a liberal patronage, the proprietor hopes that it will be continued and increased.

Regular boarders can be received upon reasonable terms. mar 1 tf

Albany Temperance House,
N. SAFFORD,

LATE of Oneida Temperance House, Utica has taken the spacious and convenient building in the city of Albany, known a the Albany Temperance House, and belonging to E C. Delavan, Esq. It is situated on the corner of North Market and Steuben sts. a short distance north of the Post Office. The house will continue to be conducted on the principles of that great reformation which is a blessing to our land; and the friends of these principles are respected to patronage the house, so long as its accommodations are such as to entitle it to their patronage For evidences of his fitness to take charge of an establishment which has such an important connexion with the interest of the cause of temperance, he is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen: Utica, Spencer Kellogg, William Clarke, A. B. Johnson, Samuel Stocking, William H. Mayard, Nicholas Devereux,—Peterboro', Garrit Smith—Rochester, Ashley Samson, Evard Peck, J. K. Livingston—Albany, Willard & Hurlbut, Smith & Porter. N. B. Mr. Safford would inform the public that his successor in the Oneida Temperance House, is Capt. J. M. Ropes a gentleman every way qualified to sustain the character and extend the respectability of the establishment in

june 13 6m

Franklin House.

THE subscriber, appreciating the measure of success that has attended his efforts in the Franklin House, is happy in apprising his friends and the traveling public, that he continues the establishment in its enlarged form, and would renew the assurance of his best efforts to please his patrons and deserve a continuance of generous support.

nov 10 S. T. EDWARDS.

Popular Houses.

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by R. Jessup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. E. JESUP.

Albany, june 25.

RAILWAY HOTEL,
CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers.—The situation of the village of Carbondale, in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company (of which this is the seat) the Mines, the Railways, the inclined Planes, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one, as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of boarders, and travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes. E. M. TOWNSEND,

sept. 27

CARD.

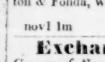
A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Bill, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place.

N.B All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA,
nov1 1m HENRY THURSTON.

Exchange Coffee House,
Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street
Opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.



THE situation of this Hotel is extremely eligible and convenient, is well for the business men of this city as for the traveller, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steam boats, &c. From the promenade erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, "with all its pageantry of hill and dale," may be commanded as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all times shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business he may merit and receive the continuance of that patronage which has heretofore been liberally bestowed by a generous public. AMMON RASEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a handsome addition of Parlors have been connected with the establishment, and the principal papers of the different cities have been added to the News Room.

Albany, june 20. 6m

Removal.

THE subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William Street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets; solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnibarious. Coffee, Tea, and Refreshments to be had at all hours.

WILLIAM HIGGS, 25 Nassau st.

may24. tf.

National Hotel,
TROY, NEW YORK.

F. COWEE, respectfully informs the traveling public that he continues to occupy this new and splendid establishment, which is inferior to none in the city. The location is airy and commanding, and possesses every advantage calculated to promote the comfort and convenience of the traveler.

6m j20

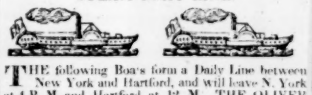
A. T. Perkins
GARDINER—MAINE.

Has taken the house heretofore occupied by Mr. Mellen, where he will be happy to receive and entertain the traveller who may chance to journey through Gardiner, to the best of his ability. He feels persuaded that his house will furnish at least convenient and comfortable accommodations.

a16 6m

Stages and Steamboats.

NEW-YORK AND HARTFORD
STEAM-BOAT LINE.



THE following Boats form a Daily Line between New York and Hartford, and will leave N. York at 4 P. M. and Hartford at 12 M. THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Capt. H. WAPLES MAN, leaves New York Tuesdays and Fridays.—Leaves Hartford Mondays and Thursdays. THE JACONONOGH, Capt. JABEZ HOWES, leaves New York Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Leaves Hartford Tuesdays and Fridays. THE CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, Capt. SAMUEL H. HOWES, leaves New York Mondays and Thursdays.—Leaves Hartford Wednesdays and Saturdays. The above are substantial and well built boats, with low pressure engines. The cabins are airy and pleasant, with every accommodation for passengers. Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boats at Hartford, to convey passengers to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont.

nov 10 H. BRAINARD, Agent.

BLOOMFIELD.—BELLEVILLE—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.

THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New Yorkk, beg leave to inform the public, that a Stage will leave Darby's Hotel, Bloomfield, every morning at half past 7 o'clock,—Sundays excepted—leave Belleville at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 3 o'clock,—Sundays excepted. They have provided themselves with first rate horses and carriages, and a careful driver, and hope, from their efforts to accommodate the public, to receive a liberal share of its patronage. Seats may be taken at Darby's, Bloomfield: and at Randolph's, between Bloomfield and Belleville, and at the Mansion House in Belleville, and at I. Toohey's, 98 Barclay street, N. York. Passengers will be taken up and set down at their residences, if within a reasonable distance of the stage houses.

Horses and Carriages to let at the Mansion House, where parties or individuals can be accommodated.

nov 24 A. P. BEEBE, Agent.

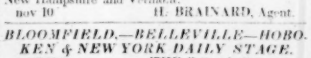
N.-YORK, PROVIDENCE & BOSTON,
VIA NEW LONDON AND NORWICH.

THE elegant steam boat *General Jackson*, Capt. Daniel Havens, will leave from the East River steam boat place foot of Beekman street, every Tuesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M.

N. B. Post Coaches will be in readiness on the Boats arrival at Norwich, to convey passengers to Boston and Providence. Also, at Groton Bank to convey passengers to Providence and Boston.

For further information, enquire at the store of
JACOB CORLIES & SONS,
mar 8 tf 283, *Pearl street.*

MERCHANT'S LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Cortlandt st. corner of Water-st. New York. Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Church, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.

Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

Stages and Steamboats.

CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE

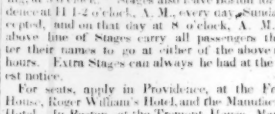
STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 3 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence, at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Marston House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence.
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.

Daily: Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

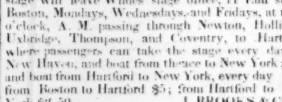


The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will Leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. a20

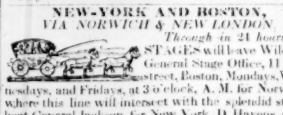
NEW-YORK AND BOSTON
VIA HARTFORD



STAGES are in readiness on the arrival of the boats from New York to convey passengers to Boston, and a stage will leave Wildes' stage office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at three o'clock, A. M. passing through Newton, Holliston, Uxbridge, Thompson, and Coventry, to Hartford, where passengers can take the stage every day for New Haven, and boat from thence to New York; and and boat from Hartford to New York, every day Fare from Boston to Hartford $5; from Hartford to New York $2 50. J. BROOKS & CO.

July27 tf

NEW-YORK AND BOSTON,
VIA NORWICH & NEW LONDON.
Through in 24 hours.



STAGES will leave Wildes's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. for Norwich where this line will intersect with the splendid steam boat General Jackson, for New York, D. Havens, master. This boat has lately commenced running three trips a week, and will in future leave Norwich for N. York at 5 o'clock, P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and arrive in N. York early next morning. Fare $6. Returning, will leave New York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, P. M

july 27 tf J. BROOKS, Agent.

LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.

apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent,*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE,
WILDES', No. 11 ELM STREET
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES,
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE
and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.

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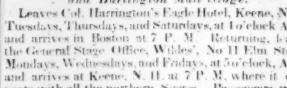
NORTHERN AND EASTERN
Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston



A NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me through in two days, and fare reduced to $7.

Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c., to Augusta. Returns every day to the same order.

ALSO, Stages Returns every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newmarket, Durham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every Morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Satedford, Alfred, Buxton, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Fryeburg, and White Mountain: also, the Wadsborough, and Hombridgeough Sandwich Stages.

Northern Stages—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Burlington, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.

Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.

Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Readford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages, Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞ *Extra Carriages* always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*

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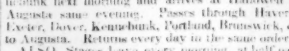
SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 30, Hanover Street, Boston.



NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester, Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', North'boro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro, Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

Stages and Steamboats.

Oppose Monopoly—Encourage Opposition.

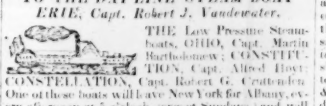
PEOPLE'S LINE to PHILADELPHIA.

Fare Through $3.

THE subscribers inform their friends and the public in general, that they have established a complete Line of Steam-boats and Coaches, to convey passengers to Philadelphia. The People's line leaves New York every Morning at six o'clock, (Sundays excepted,) from Pier No. 2, North River, by steamboat to Price's Point, N. J. where first-rate Coaches are in readiness to convey passengers to Bordentown, and from thence, by steam-boat, to Philadelphia, arriving very early the same day. Passengers travelling in this Line will be conveyed from boat to boat in the same Coaches without the inconvenience of changing baggage on the road. The People's Line runs on the shortest and most pleasant route between New York and Philadelphia. The Proprietors of this Line will use every exertion to secure the safety and comfort of their passengers, and trust they will receive a share of public patronage. For seats, apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, near Broadway; or to the Agent, on board the Steam-boat, Pier No. 2, North River, Washington street, foot of Morris street. N.B. All baggage and goods at the risk of the owners.

RESIDE, SEAMAKER & TOMLINSON,
New York, Nov 17 tf Proprietors.

HUDSON RIVER NIGHT LINE.
TO THE DAY LINE STEAM BOAT
ERIE, Capt. Robert J. Vandewater.



THE Low Pressure Steamboats, OHIO, Capt. Martin Bartholomew; CONSTITUTION, Capt. Alfred Hoyt; CONSTELLATION, Capt. Robert G. Crittenden. One of those boats will leave New York for Albany, every afternoon at 5 o'clock, (except Sundays,) and will leave Albany for New York, every afternoon at 5 o'clock, The Sunday Boat from New York, will leave at 7 o'clock.

DAY LINE.

THE new Steamboats NOVELTY, Capt. Daniel Peck, CHAMPLAIN, Capt. Gorham, will leave New York for Albany, at 7 o'clock, A. M. in the following order: *From New York*—NOVELTY, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. CHAMPLAIN Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. *From Albany*—NOVELTY, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; CHAMPLAIN, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Friday's. For births or passage, apply at the office, foot of Courtland-st., or on board. Freight to be sent before 4 o'clock, P. M. june 28.

TREMONT LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
FARE TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows:—Leaves Boston every morning (except Sundays,) at 1-2 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence before 12 M., over an hour before the boats leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder of the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage, that notwithstanding the managers of the boats have made, and still are making extraordinary efforts to induce all passengers to avoid our line, and go in the Citizens', for reasons beyond our knowledge, yet we have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival (except Sunday,) expressly for the accommodation of those of our friends, who will please not to pay their stage fare on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements, any management on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.

For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office, Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the City Tavern, Brattle Street, or Washington Coffee House, Washington Street.

C. B. WILDER, *Agent.*

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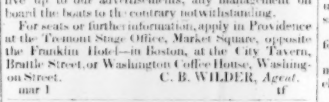
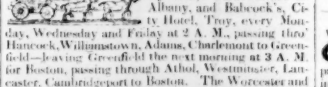
PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



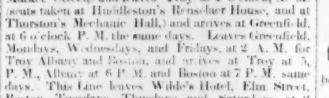
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Chatlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office every days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M. J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Chester, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Beals's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, NORWICH, & NY. YORK Line of Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day at 7 P. M.—Returning, leave Worcester, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days.—Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves and Wallbridge's stage office, Albany, Tuesdays Thursdays, and Saturdays, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day—intersecting at Lowell all the eastern stages for Newburyport, Dover, Saco, and Portland.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 1 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Great Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Munson House.

THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
Lowell.
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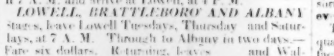
LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, for Newburyport, Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great mountaining towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*

apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Madison, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 75, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners.

mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT
Stage, Mail via Taunton, Fall River, & Stone Bridge,

LEAVES Marlboro' Hotel, Washington Street, Boston, every day, Sundays excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Newport the same evening. Returning by the same route—leaves Newport, Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, and arrives in Boston the same evening. Leaves Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Boston the same evening. Fare $4

JESSE SMITH, & Co.
mar 1 ep1 *Proprietors.*

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engines*, and the Committee of Arsenals, at Colombia and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other engine, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warr